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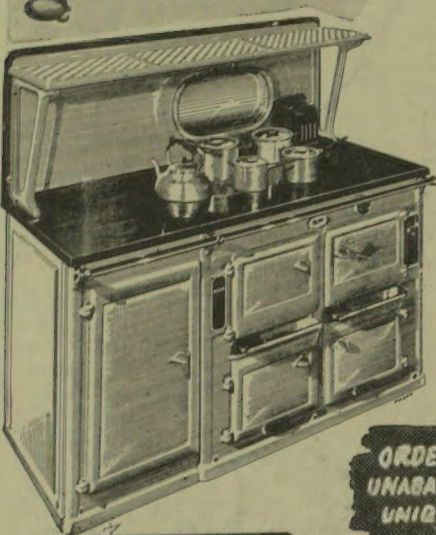
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1939.



THE WELCOME OF THE FAIR AND FERTILE LAND OF FRANCE TO HER BRITISH ALLIES:
GRAPES FOR TOMMIES IN A VILLAGE STREET.

The first British troops in France had touching tales to tell of their welcome in towns and villages, where entire communities greeted them with flowers and embraces. Despatch-riders and lorry-drivers were offered apples and pears when held up in the traffic and had to indicate their inability to eat and drive.

These cordial—almost affectionate—relations are typified in this photograph, where Tommies are being regaled in a village street with bunches of glistening grapes by a smiling Frenchwoman. Further photographs of the British Field Force in France appear on the following pages. (*British Official Photograph.*)

THE ARMY AGAIN LEARNS TO "PARLEY-VOO": THE FIELD FORCE MAKING FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



TOMMIES INVESTIGATING THE INTRICACIES OF THE FRENCH COINAGE AT A BRITISH FIELD POST OFFICE.



LETTERS HOME: STAMPING THE MEN'S CORRESPONDENCE IN A BRITISH FIELD POST OFFICE WITH THE ARMY IN FRANCE.



OFF FOR A FEW HOURS' LEAVE: A PARTY OF TOMMIES BEING GIVEN A LIFT BY A FRIENDLY FRENCH FARMER.



THE BRITISH ARMY MAKING FRIENDS IN FRANCE. DOUBTLESS THE FAMILIAR CRY OF "SOUVENIR!" IS AGAIN BEING HEARD FROM SMALL FRENCH CHILDREN.



FRAMED BY FRENCH SHUTTERS: BRITISH NURSES KNITTING AND WRITING HOME IN THE AUTUMN SUNSHINE AT A WINDOW OF THEIR BILLET.



"WONDERFUL HOW EVEN THE KIDS CAN SPEAK THE LANGUAGE!"—FIRST STEPS IN FRENCH CONVERSATION, WITH YOUNG TEACHERS.

WHAT memories these photographs of British troops once again settling down in France will call up! Memories of weary journeys over war-torn *pavé*, and little towns in back areas where life still persisted and *estaminets* could be visited, and beer, or "vin blonk," or "fixed bayonets" wine, or coffee tasting of chicory exchanged against the peculiar paper small change issued by the chambers of commerce in northern French departments in the war years; and of the "parley-vooo" developed by the troops, with its "no bong" and "lo show" and wealth of significant gestures. Once again a British Army is making friends with the people of France—a friendship based upon the simple necessities of military life, like postage stamps and omelettes, football and "allymettes" and getting one's socks washed.

CHURCH PARADES IN FRANCE: KHAKI CONGREGATIONS IN THE VILLAGES.



A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING IN FRANCE: BRITISH TROOPS LISTENING TO A TALK FROM THEIR PADRE DURING CHURCH PARADE IN A SUNNY FIELD.



SHARING THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF A FRENCH VILLAGE: MEN OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT A SERVICE IN A SMALL CHURCH.

The little French church in the lower photograph has suddenly seen a great increase in its congregation since a unit of the British Army was billeted in the village. Such a scene as this is typical of many, and the participation of our troops in the religious life of these French communities is symbolical of the

unity of the two nations in a just cause. The "Daily Telegraph" special correspondent in France recently described a case where, through the good offices of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and the goodwill of the *curé*, Church of England services for R.A.F. men were held in a French parish church. (British Official Photos.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN we were children, my brother and I were much given to playing a game whose character it is difficult to describe in brief. It consisted in turning the entire nursery floor into a vast town and conducting in the greatest detail the life of its inhabitants. Streets were laid out, houses erected, churches, theatres and public buildings distributed in appropriate places, and the course of events determined by a community of several hundred tin personages whose every moment was dependent on our will. Like the Nazis, the overwhelming majority of these were uniforms, though their pursuits, as ordained by us, were not necessarily always warlike. This was because the manufacturers of tin homunculi confined their creative activities almost entirely to soldiers: memories of the Diamond Jubilee and of our recent victory over the Boers apparently filling their minds to the exclusion of every other subject. A tiny minority of railway officials (invariably bearded), purposeful porters in the act of pushing, and rotund and quiescent military hospital nurses in red and white uniforms comprised our entire unarmed population. Indeed, if an aggressor State had chosen to bomb our domains, we should have been hard put to it to show that even their most dastardly attacks had been directed purely against civilians. For a casual glance at that coloured panorama from above would have suggested that there were none. Fortunately, aeroplanes were not then invented, or, if they were, their existence had not been known to us, so the devastating contingency never arose.

Our powers were godlike. Were I to-morrow to be simultaneously appointed Prime Minister, Minister of Information, Lord Chief Justice, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police and Controller of the London Fire Brigade—a contingency which seems as improbable as any I can imagine—my powers over the subject would still be considerably less than those which my brother and I enjoyed and daily exercised over our tin nationals. Stalin and Hitler themselves possess no more. I trust they were beneficently used. Judged by the standards of the adult world, I am afraid they were not. Wars, revolutions, parliamentary broils, riots and fires were of the most frequent occurrences. And as we were the sole disposers of our subjects' fate, the responsibility for these calamities—as they must indeed have seemed to them—were solely ours. To be more accurate, they were mine.

For my brother was a peace-loving soul. He partook far more of the character of Mr. Chamberlain (in his umbrella days) than of the German Führer. He liked an undisturbed routine: he very much disliked wars, revolutions, parliamentary broils, street riots and even fires. It was I who chose these things. It may be asked why, in this case, my will was allowed to predominate, and why my brother's more pacific and therefore righteous intentions did not triumph as they so plainly deserved to. The answer, I fear, is that I was four years older, and therefore bigger and stronger. Not that the difference of ideological outlook between us was ever put to the arbitrament of actual force. Like Soviet Russia and Estonia, we were able to reach an understanding!

It was at least a realist one. My brother confined himself to the life of the Royal Family, whose tastes and habits were as orderly, as well conducted and as pacific as his own. They resided in a large, stationary rocking-horse in one corner of the nursery, surrounded by a courtyard, as similar as possible to that outside Buckingham Palace, and a walled park. Within these confines they did their best to carry on a life

of their own—a life, that is, of regular habit and slow and elaborate routine such as satisfied my brother's gentle and orderly mind. This little household of bearded station-masters, bowler-hatted travellers and hospital nurses, who, for lack of more appropriate toys, represented the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family and their retainers, pursued with great dignity and deliberation the even tenor of their way. Or perhaps it would be more true to say that they tried to. For, like the peace-loving

democracies in recent years, they were subject to outside disturbances of a most tiresome and incalculable nature. Those disturbances emanated always from a restless and romantic mind which, unhappily for them and my brother, controlled powers and forces which they could never for long ignore. It was not Hitler, then a homeless waif in the slums of old Vienna, but I who was the bane of their existence.

For scarcely had the under-housemaid at the Palace started the undeviating routine of the royal day by calling the footman who carried the shaving water to the Prince of Wales's apartment—somewhere between the rocking-horse's ears—and the black-bearded, frock-coated Prince had proceeded, according to hallowed custom, across the saddle to the broad area above Dobbin's tail where Majesty itself slept, when the sound of a galloping courier could be heard approaching the Palace gates. A moment later the intruder would be hammering on the front door, and, though only admitted after every possible expedient for refusing to open the door had been tried, his tidings would almost always prove of a nature which it was almost impossible for royal personages to ignore. Either the Prime Minister had been assassinated, or a revolution had broken out in the streets, or an invading army was—without the least warning—approaching the capital. On other occasions the entire town was in flames and given over to furious fire-engines. For, unhappily for my brother, it was I and not he who controlled the Army, the politicians and the

civil population beyond the Palace wall. And the day's routine of a conscientious monarch could scarcely be pursued without some relation to their troublesome vagaries and misfortunes.

None the less, my brother made a brave attempt to minimise the effect of such disturbances on his household. His ambition was always to get through an entire twenty-four hours of Palace life without a break in his comforting, domestic routine, and with no more serious interference than some minor domestic mishap, such as the disappearance of one of the Royal Family down the hole that led to the hollow centre of the rocking-horse. It was an ambition that was rarely achieved, for wars, revolutions and tumults surged round the Palace without cessation.

I have been reminded of all this by the calm confidence with which our vast, orderly and peace-loving Civil Service, in all its manifold branches, has taken upon its shoulders the direction of a major war. However much foreign dictators may threaten and rage, whatever sudden and violent steps their military-minded minions may take, our own bureaucracy preserves unperturbed its leisurely and majestic pace. Its method of dealing with murder, bloodshed and sudden death differs in no wise from that which it employs towards unruly correspondents. It does not discard its own elaborate and, to uninitiated lay eyes, rather lengthy and cumbersome-looking processes; it merely extends their scope. Under its all-seeing benevolence, the whole nation is engaged in filling up forms and submitting returns to the appropriate Authority. And when its patient and occasionally inscrutable methods have at last achieved us victory, we shall doubtless be presented with the satisfying spectacle of those troublesome *enfants terribles*, Adolf Hitler and Joe Stalin, sitting down together with pen, ink and paper, presumably in some Post Office in the Poland they have conquered, to enter their particulars on the appropriate Form of Surrender allocated to them by his Majesty's Government. Like Mr. Chamberlain, I trust I shall be spared to see the day.



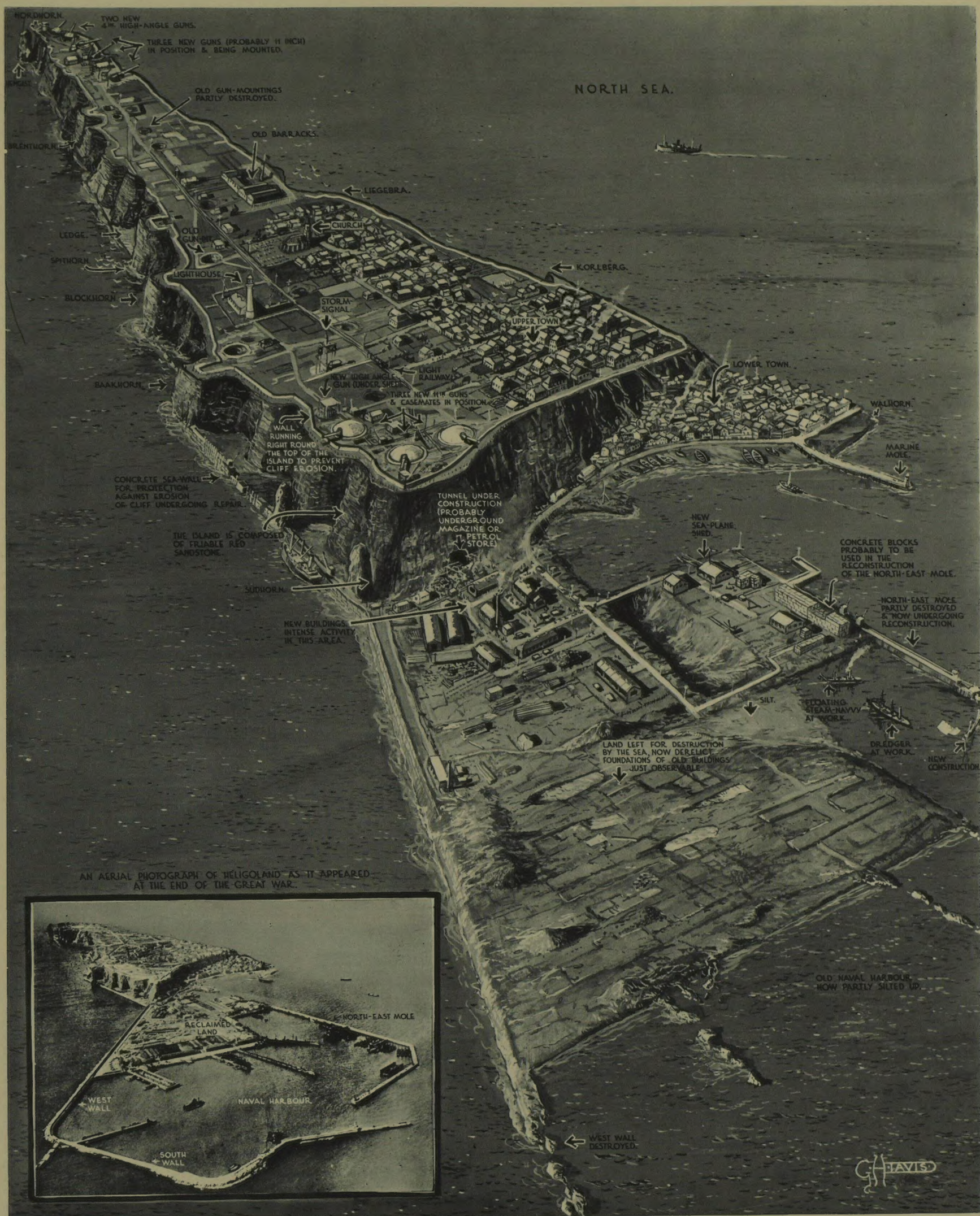
SIGNING THE AGREEMENT WHICH DIVIDED POLAND BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY: M. MOLOTOFF, THE SOVIET COMMISSAR FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WITH RIBBENTROP STANDING BEHIND, AND, NEXT HIM, M. STALIN, DICTATOR OF THE U.S.S.R.



ENJOYING A JOKE WITH STALIN ON THE "CARVE-UP" OF POLAND, WHICH, ACCORDING TO GERMAN PRESS ACCOUNTS, MARKS "A TURNING-POINT IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY," BUT WHICH WAS DESCRIBED BY MR. CHURCHILL AS A MEASURE "CLEARLY NECESSARY FOR THE SAFETY OF RUSSIA AGAINST THE NAZI MENACE": M. STALIN HEARTILY PATS RIBBENTROP ON THE BACK, WHILE M. MOLOTOFF READS OVER THE TERMS.

The final frontier demarcation line in Poland as provided for in the German-Russian agreement signed in Leningrad by the Foreign Ministers of Germany and Soviet Russia respectively on September 29, begins at the southernmost part of Lithuania from whence it runs in a general westerly direction to the north of Augustowo as far as the frontier of Germany, and follows the frontier as far as the River Pissa; and then, through Ostrolenka and along the Bug to Sokal, and along the upper San. About 80 per cent. of the Polish oil-wells go to the Soviet. Although it was stated in the agreement that "Great Britain and France bear the responsibility for the continuation of the conflict," the British and French Governments lost no time in declaring that they were not to be moved from the position they had taken up by any threats. (Wide World.)

REFORTIFIED FOR "PRESTIGE": HELIGOLAND, OF NO STRATEGICAL VALUE.



A DETAILED DRAWING OF THE "FINGERPOST" TO GERMANY'S ONLY WESTERN SEA OUTLET: THE TINY ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND, SHOWING THE ELABORATE FORTIFICATIONS, AND RECONSTRUCTION WORK IN PROGRESS.

On September 29 units of the Royal Air Force made attacks on ships of the German Fleet in the Heligoland Bight, this being the second raid by British airmen on the German Navy since the outbreak of war. "In spite of formidable anti-aircraft fire," the Air Ministry announcement stated, "the attacks were pressed home at a low altitude." As far back as December 1936 the refortification of Heligoland, demilitarised under the Versailles Treaty, had reached a point where it was thought many inhabitants would be forced to leave, the military works having so encroached on the residential area. For after Hitler usurped power he ordered large-scale refortification, and a great part of the island became

forbidden ground. But even in 1936 visitors had been impressed by the size of the immense guns protruding from the fortress, and the long line of rebuilt breakwaters. This heavy refortification, however—the particularities of which are vividly depicted in the above drawing—is of little or no strategical value as Heligoland is too small for a land air-base, and can only serve in the present war as a purely defensive work for the Elbe and Weser estuaries, which are, in any case, too well protected by nature to admit of their being attacked by the Royal Navy under normal circumstances. To-day Heligoland occupies less than 200 acres and is rapidly decreasing, as its soft sandstone cliffs continue to crumble into the sea.

From a drawing by G. H. Davis; previously reproduced in "The Illustrated London News" in 1937.

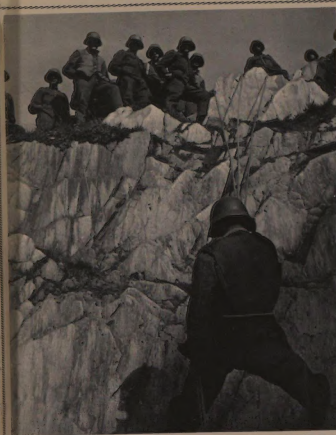
SWITZERLAND PREPARES HER DEFENCES FOR ALL EMERGENCIES.



SWITZERLAND PREPARED, AS DURING THE LAST WAR, AGAINST ALL POSSIBILITIES OF INVASION: ROWS OF BARBED-WIRE COILS BARRICADING THE FRONTIER.



SWISS MILITIAMEN MARCHING ALONG THEIR NATIONAL FLAG, IN SWITZERLAND, AFTER MILITARY TRAINING, RIFLES AND REVOLVERS ARE PLACED IN THE MILITIAMEN'S PERSONAL CHARGE.



SPECIALISED TRAINING NECESSARY FOR CERTAIN SECTIONS OF THE ARMY: CLIMBING PRACTICE WITH ROPES BY SWISS MOUNTAIN TROOPS.

THE FRONTIERS FORTIFIED AND MANNED—MOBILISATION SCENES.



FELLING TREES DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF DEFENCES ON THE FRONTIER. SINCE 1917 THE SWISS HAVE ERECTED A DOUBLE LINE OF FORTIFICATIONS, ONE ON THE BORDER, THE OTHER IN THE INTERIOR.



"STRIKE UP THE DRUMS!"—CALLING THE TROOPS TO THE COLOURS IN A SWISS FRONTIER VILLAGE.



FOR DEFENCE IN THE MOUNTAIN PASSES: MANOEUVRES REMINISCENT, EXCEPT FOR THE UNIFORMED TROOPS, OF PICTURES OF MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING EXPEDITIONS.



GENERAL GUISAN, ELECTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SWISS FORCES; THE SWISS ARMY, IN PEACETIME, BEING UNDER THE HEAD OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



A SWISS FATHER BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS SON—THE LAST HANDCLASP BEFORE THE TROOP TRAIN MOVES OFF.



A DEMOCRATIC ARMY, EMBRACING ALL SECTIONS OF THE SWISS PEOPLE: SOME OF THE SWISS MILITIA READY FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.



WOMEN FORM A PROMINENT PART OF THE A.R.P. PERSONNEL—ALL ABLE-BODIED PERSONS BETWEEN 16-65 BEING REPORTED CALLED UP.



SWISS SOLDIERS HELPING WOMEN VOLUNTEERS IN FILLING BAGS WITH STRAW FOR USE IN AN EMERGENCY AMBULANCE TRAIN.



MOBILISED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT WAR, AS DURING THE WAR OF 1914-18: SWISS MILITIAMEN ENTRAINING.

Switzerland, despite guarantees of her neutrality, has prepared herself to meet all emergencies—preparations including the mobilisation of frontier troops. It will be recalled that throughout the last war Switzerland was under arms—the total expense of these measures amounting to 1220 million francs. Since 1917 Switzerland has erected a double line of fortifications, one along her borders, and the other in the interior. They are strongly built; and almost

amount to a Swiss "Maginot Line." Switzerland has intensified her preparedness, almost, one might say, with each successive crisis; and appropriate changes have been made in the militia's training. The Swiss militia is particularly interesting in that its members, on completion of their training, keep their arms—their horses, if they belong to a mounted unit—at home. Refresher courses are annually taken in the various military subjects, and

thus should an emergency befall, the Swiss militia, consisting of almost all the male population, with arms already to hand, and an up-to-date knowledge of what is to be done, can be assembled probably quicker and more smoothly, than in any other country. The same thoroughness of preparation has been observed in such spheres as A.R.P.: it was recently reported that every able-bodied man and woman in Switzerland between the

ages of 16 and 65 was to be enrolled for compulsory A.R.P. and other defence services. Swiss public opinion about the war is unanimous. Swiss newspapers, whether published in French, German, or Italian, openly fasten the responsibility of the war on one person. Swiss editors, obeying the instructions to observe neutrality, do not mention this person by name. The man in the street, however, has no such hesitations. (Photos, Photopress.)

A FRENCH AIR ADVENTURER AND VISIONARY.

"WIND, SAND AND STARS": By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

M. DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY, I think, first came before the notice of the British public some years ago, when he and a companion, on a flight to Saigon, were lost in the Egyptian desert. After four days they were found by Bedouin, still struggling on, haggard, delirious, and dying of thirst. Their machine had crashed into a hill on a dark night; they did not know where they were, and they had walked thirty miles a day on a few grapes and an orange.

This story is told again in all its incredible and almost intolerable detail in M. de Saint-Exupéry's new book. So are several other stories of adventure and hardihood, of which the most astonishing is that of Guillaumet, who came down in the High Andes and climbed and walked five days and four nights in snow and ice. But external drama is not what chiefly interests this remarkable airman, and he disclaims interest in those who follow or preach the pursuit of danger as an end in itself. It is in the service of Man's major adventure and in accordance with his own chosen duties that he is willing to take risk; and whatever he does he does in the light of a full, enriching awareness of all life, of time and of eternity. He has a poet's vision; and, to express it, a mastery over supple, precise and melodious language which derives its qualities directly from the cleanness and clarity of his heart and mind.

But example, as usual, is better than description. Here is a passage which illustrates both the habit of our author's mind and the purity, even in translation, of his style: "By the grace of the aeroplane" (against which, however much wilful humanity may abuse it, he will hear nothing) he has had many experiences, and has realised how much of the earth's surface is barren of man and his works. Once he was forced down on an isolated and unscaleable plateau in the Sahara, whose surface sand was made of tiny shells: "Without question, I was the first human being ever to wander over this . . . iceberg; its sides were remarkably steep, no Arab could have climbed them, and no European had yet ventured into this wild region.

"I was thrilled by the virginity of a soil which no step of man or beast had sullied. I lingered there, startled by this silence that had never been broken. The first star began to shine, and I said to myself that this pure surface had lain here thousands of years in sight only of the stars.

"But suddenly my musings on this white sheet and these shining stars were endowed with a singular significance. I had kicked against a hard, black stone, the size of a man's fist, a sort of moulded rock of lava incredibly present on the surface of a bed of shells a thousand feet deep. A sheet spread beneath an apple-tree can receive only apples; a sheet spread beneath the stars can receive only star-dust. Never had a stone fallen from the skies made known its origin so unmistakably.

"And very naturally, raising my eyes, I said to myself that from the height of this celestial apple-tree there must have dropped other fruits, and that I should find them exactly where they fell, since never from the beginning of time had anything been present to displace them.

"Excited by my adventure, I picked up one and then a second and then a third of these stones, finding them at the rate of one stone to the acre. And here is where my adventure became magical, for in a striking foreshortening of time that embraced thousands of years, I had become witness of this miserly rain of the stars. The marvel of marvels was that there on the rounded back of the planet, between this magnetic sheet and those stars, a human consciousness was present in which as in a mirror that rain could be reflected."

That wonder at the human consciousness is always present with him, that and the wonder of life in

general. He cannot think of a solitary nameless miner imprisoned under a fall of earth without thinking of the marvels in that man's skull, the unique combination of memories, hopes and dreams, and, in Spain, surrounded by cold-blooded slaughter of countless individuals simply because they held certain ideas, or belonged to certain classes, each victim was to him a special tragedy, each murder a blasphemy against Life: "I am quite convinced of the sincerity of people who say 'Terror in Barcelona? Nonsense. That great city in ashes? A mere twenty houses wrecked. Streets heaped with the dead? A few hundred killed out of a population of a million. Where did you see a firing-line running with blood and deafening with the roar of guns?'

the only witness who dared betray that anything out of the ordinary had taken place. Untouched, the man's glass stood on the table, a mute witness to a mad confidence in chance, in forgiveness, in life. I sat watching the disappearance in a ring of rifles of a man who, five minutes before, within two feet of me, had crossed the invisible firing-line."

"The last glass of his life": in those few quiet, evocative, parenthetical words is illustrated the power of M. de Saint-Exupéry's narrative; the whole passage is representative of his compassionate detachment. His body soaring high in the air, over the deserts and mountains, daring the elements and overcoming them, seeing small beneath it men's scratchings and sowings on the planet's crust, is the emblem of his ranging mind; and that, like the body, must continually come back to earth and the scale of the ordinary eye. Had all men his temper they might co-operate in that great quest after knowledge and the enrichment of life in whose service so many of his brother-pilots have died. Men would not kill each other because they differ as to the means of making each other happy; "isms" would not be gods; life would not be so defiled by hate and cruelty, the stupidity of those who cannot see and the treachery of those who deliberately refuse to see. He is no heavy moraliser, but spirited when he is most serious. Yet after all the thrills and laughs of this remarkable book what chiefly remains is the stimulus to fuller living, and to that love which, he says, is at its highest not when two look into each other's eyes, but when they look in the same direction.

He says reminiscently of a worn old clerk: "Old bureaucrat, my comrade, it is not you who are to blame. No one ever helped you to escape. You, like a termite, built your peace by blocking up with cement every chink and cranny through which the light might pierce. You rolled yourself up into a ball in your genteel security, in routine, in the stifling conventions of provincial life, raising a modest rampart against the winds and the tides and the stars. You have chosen not to be perturbed by great problems, having trouble enough to forget your own fate as man. You are not the dweller upon an errant planet and do not ask yourself questions to which there are no answers. You are a petty bourgeois of Toulouse. Nobody grasped you by the shoulder while there was still time. Now the clay of which you were shaped has dried and hardened, and naught in you will ever awaken the sleeping musician, the poet, the astronomer that possibly inhabited you in the beginning."

He can say this: but for such as these he has never a trace of contempt. He has the vision, and they have never waked to it, that is all: and to that vision he and they and all of us are fellow-passengers, some awake and some asleep, on this strange ship we call the Earth, which bears us and our hankering hearts so incomprehensibly through the storms and splendours of space and of time.

And he ends with a summons: "What we feel when we are hungry, when we feel that hunger which drew the Spanish soldiers under fire towards that botany lesson, drew Mermoz across the South Atlantic, draws a man to a poem, is that the birth of man is not yet accomplished, that we must take stock of ourselves and our universe. We must send forth pontoons into the night. There are men unaware of this, imagining themselves wise and self-regarding because they are indifferent. But everything in the world gives the lie to their wisdom.

"Comrades of the air! I call upon you to hear me witness. When have we felt ourselves happy men?"

To Our Readers at Home and Abroad.

AT the present time much of our space has to be devoted to the progress of the War on the various Fronts, and although special arrangements of our own have been made to cover the War in all its phases, there may be occasions when some of our readers living abroad or at home may, by chance, witness scenes of exceptional interest of which perhaps they may be able to take photographs, or to make sketches.

The submission of such material will be welcomed by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, with a view to publication. Photographs should be accompanied by full explanatory titles, and sketches (especially in the case of very rough sketches) should be annotated with full written details in order to explain clearly all points of interest. All material which we may be able to publish will be paid for at our best rates.

All drawings or photographs of scenes dealing with the present War will be submitted by us for Censorship before publication, and we undertake not to publish illustrations or text submitted by any of our readers unless such material has been approved officially by the Censors for publication. Photographs or sketches should be addressed to the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Hertfordshire, England.

N.B.—Readers are reminded, however, that there are certain regulations regarding the taking of photographs in wartime with which they should make themselves familiar, as these regulations must be complied with.

"I agree that I saw no firing-line. I saw groups of tranquil men and women strolling on the Ramblas. When, on occasion, I ran across a barricade of militiamen in arms, a smile was often enough to open the way for me. I did not come at once upon the firing-line. In a civil war the firing-line is invisible; it passes through the hearts of men. And yet, on my very first night in Barcelona I skirted it.

"I was sitting on the pavement of a café, sipping my drink surrounded by light-hearted men and women, when suddenly four armed men stopped where I sat, stared at a man at the next table, and without a word pointed their guns at his stomach. Streaming with sweat, the man stood up and raised leaden arms above his head. One of the militiamen ran his hands over his clothes and his eyes over some papers he found in the man's pockets, and ordered him to come along.

"The man left his half-emptied glass, the last glass of his life, and started down the road. Surrounded by the squad, his hands stuck up like the hands of a man going down for the last time. 'Fascist!' A woman behind me said it with contempt. 'She was

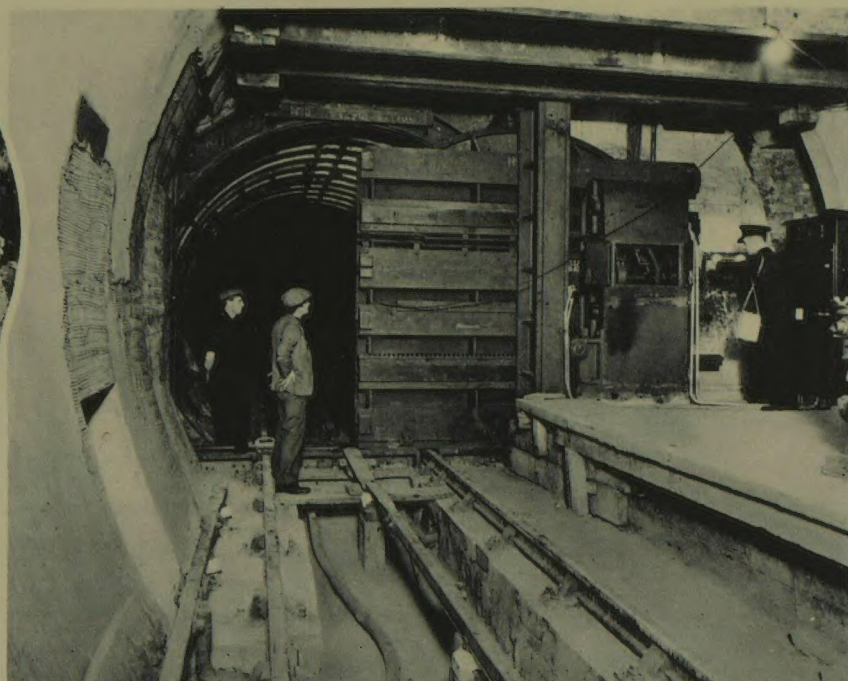
* "Wind, Sand and Stars." By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Translated from the French by Lewis Galantière. (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD IN WARTIME:

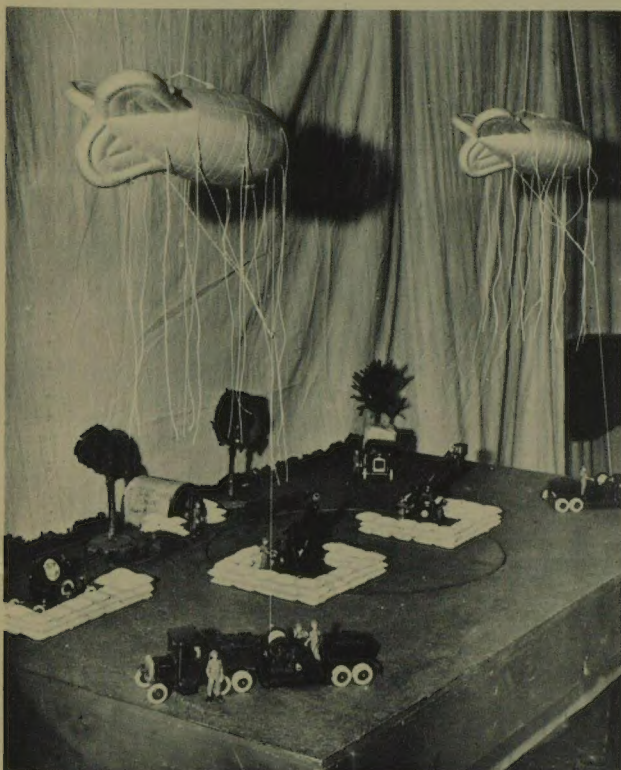
CHURCHYARD AND NURSERY A.R.P.; POLISH LEADERS IN PARIS; AND GERMAN RATIONS.



A.R.P. IN THE CHURCHYARD: AN AIR RAID SHELTER CONSTRUCTED IN WANDSWORTH CEMETERY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF VISITORS AND THOSE ATTENDING FUNERALS WHO MIGHT BE CAUGHT BY A RAID—A MACABRE, BUT NONE THE LESS A MOST SENSIBLE PRECAUTION. (S. and G.)



MAKING THE LONDON UNDERGROUND FLOODPROOF IN CASE OF BOMB DAMAGE TO AN UNDERWATER TUNNEL: ONE OF THE HUGE STEEL GATES AT WATERLOO STATION. These floodproof gates form part of the protective works carried out by London Transport. The last of them is to be completed by the end of the year, when all the London Underground stations should be open again. The gates, worked either by hand or electrically, can withstand a force of over 800 tons—several times the greatest pressure that could come from a damaged water-main or the Thames. (C.P.)



A TOY EXPECTED TO BE IN GREAT DEMAND THIS CHRISTMAS—A MINIATURE HOME DEFENCE UNIT, COMPLETE WITH A.A. GUNS, BALLOON BARRAGE, AND ANDERSON SHELTER.

Toy soldiers have long been one of the most popular of Christmas and birthday gifts with children of every age. In addition, however, this year will see a large number of miniature Home Defence units (like the one in our photograph), in the originals of which so many of the youngsters' parents are taking part. (G.P.U.)



MODEL BABIES, FOR TEACHING THE USE OF THE GAS-MASK FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN: LIFE-SIZE DOLLS BOUGHT BY ESHER A.R.P. AUTHORITIES FOR THIS PURPOSE.

Last week we illustrated the Kingston gas-filled chamber, in which the public could test, and gain confidence in, their gas-masks. Here we show a scheme taken up by Esher A.R.P. authorities. Four life-size dolls have been bought, and on these are demonstrated the gas-masks for younger children—still something of a novelty to many people. *Keystone.*



POLAND'S NEW PRESIDENT, M. RACZKIEWICZ (LEFT), AND HER NEW PREMIER AND WAR MINISTER, GENERAL SIKORSKI, AFTER ATTENDING MASS IN PARIS.

The new Polish Cabinet was sworn in, in Paris, on October 3 by the new Polish President, M. Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz. The new Government consists of prominent Poles representing every shade of political opinion. The Prime Minister and Minister of War is General Sikorski, one of the most brilliant figures in modern Polish history. (A.P.)



ON THE "GUNS, NOT BUTTER" PRINCIPLE: THE DAILY RATIONS OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE ASSEMBLED—LESS IN EVERY RESPECT THAN THOSE OF THE BRITISH FIELD FORCE.

The German daily food rations are reported to consist of bread, 12½ oz.; jam, ½ oz.; cheese, ½ oz.; butter, fat or lard (if obtainable), 1½ oz.; sugar, 1½ oz.; meat (if obtainable), 2½ oz.; coffee, ½ oz. Only young mothers and children up to 14 years obtain milk allowances. Fruit, vegetables, and fish are not rationed, and are obtainable—if on the market. These figures give some idea of the living conditions in which Germany starts the war; in every respect they are inferior to the rations of the British Field Force. *Keystone.*

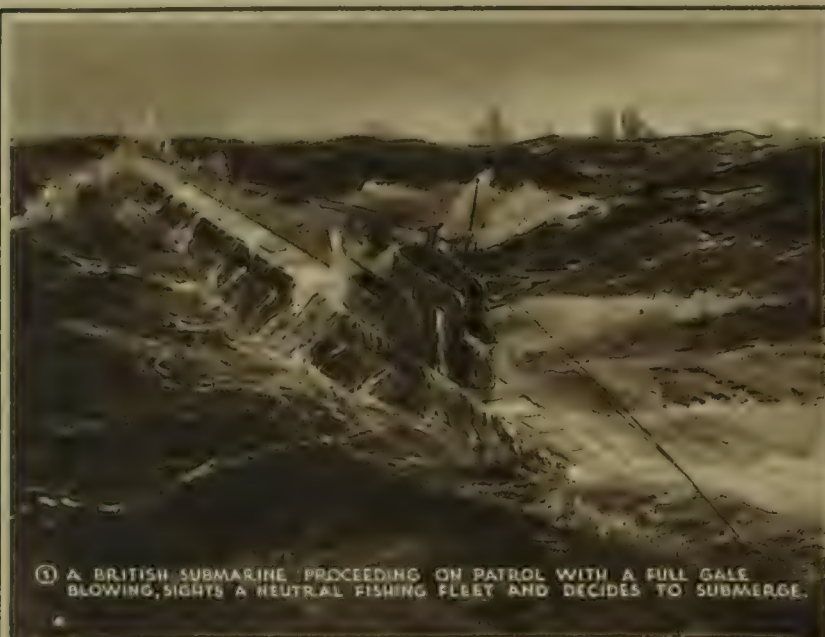


HUSBANDING PETROL IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES—A COPENHAGEN HORSE AND "CART"—THE "CART" BEING NORMALLY A MOTOR-VAN.

In London, although such sights as a horse drawing a motor-van are not, as yet, a common feature, relaxations of the restrictions regarding horse-drawn traffic in certain streets have recently been made. The horse also seems to have come into his own abroad—and it may be some comfort to English motorists deprived of "pleasure" driving to learn that even in the neutral countries—as evidenced in our picture—there is husbanding of petrol. In passing, it should be noticed that the "van" is of a well-known British make. (A.P.)

A BRITISH SUBMARINE EPIC: ESCAPE BY TENACITY AND ENGINEERING SKILL.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS, FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORTS.



① A BRITISH SUBMARINE PROCEEDING ON PATROL WITH A FULL GALE BLOWING, SIGHTS A NEUTRAL FISHING FLEET AND DECIDES TO SUBMERGE.



② ABOUT BREAKFAST-TIME THE EXPLOSION OF A DEPTH-CHARGE QUITE CLOSE TO HER POINTEDLY MADE IT CLEAR SHE WAS NEAR ENEMY FORCES.



③ OTHER DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLOSIONS IN HER VICINITY CAUSED THE COMMANDER TO STOP ALL HIS MACHINERY AND SINK GENTLY TO THE SEA BED.



④ ABOUT TEA-TIME A SWEEPING WIRE WAS HEARD SCRAPING OVER THE AFTER JUMPING-STAY IN A SERIES OF BUMPS. FURTHER DEPTH CHARGES CLOSE TO THE SUBMARINE DAMAGED THE HULL AND MACHINERY.



⑤ THE LIEUTENANT IN COMMAND DECIDED, AFTER HE KNEW THAT DARKNESS HAD SET IN, TO ATTEMPT TO RISE TO THE SURFACE. THE CRIPPLED SUBMARINE SLUGGISHLY BROKE CLEAR, AND THE CREW FOUND A STAR-LIT NIGHT AND NOTHING IN SIGHT.



⑥ LIMPING AWAY AT FIRST ON ONE MOTOR (UNTIL THE OTHER ENGINES WERE TEMPORARILY REPAIRED) THE SUBMARINE'S ELECTRICIANS GOT THEIR DAMAGED WIRELESS SET WORKING AND SENT OUT CALLS FOR HELP. ABOUT MIDNIGHT SHE WAS PICKED UP BY DESTROYERS HURRYING TO HER ASSISTANCE.

A BRITISH SUBMARINE'S PATROL IN ENEMY WATERS WHICH LED TO A TERRIBLE ORDEAL AND AN AMAZING ESCAPE: BARRAGED BY DEPTH-CHARGES AND ACTUALLY SCRAPED BY THE SWEEPS OF THE HUNTERS, SHE SURVIVES AND LIMPS HOME.

What is surely the most dramatic sea-story of the whole war was told recently when a damaged British submarine was escorted back to port from the North Sea. Units of the Home Fleet which, in accordance with the usual naval practice, went out to bring her in, were attacked from the air on September 27. This was the attack, illustrated in our last issue, which was repulsed with such heavy German losses. The submarine which came through the terrible ordeal illustrated on these pages was out on a normal patrol in enemy waters. Her cruise was uncomfortable from the start, as a full gale was blowing when she left her base. On her passage she was obliged more than once to dive to avoid observation by neutral ships, in particular a neutral fishing fleet, riding out the gale at its nets. Arrived on her station, she submerged at dawn. Shortly after breakfast a depth-charge exploded near by, and when the Commander started his ballast pump in order

to rise to periscope depth and observe what enemy was near, another exploded near enough to blow some of the fuses. Plainly she was being hunted. The captain stopped all machinery and sank down to the sea-bed. Six different explosions occurred during the next hour, after which they averaged one every two minutes. The submarine could do nothing but wait. The crew lay down, to conserve the oxygen supplies. To relieve the monotony they started a 6d. sweep-stake on the time at which the next explosion would shake the hull, and an able seaman moved quietly through the cramped spaces among the motionless men, booking their bets against next pay-day—a pay-day they might never see. A drawing of this sublime instance of British phlegm is seen on the opposite page. About tea-time a wire was heard scraping against the submarine. There was a series of bumps, as though a giant were stamping over her in hob-nailed

[Continued opposite.]

A BRITISH SUBMARINE EPIC: A SWEEPSTAKE IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORTS.



LYING INERT ON THE SEA-BED, THE SUBMARINE'S CREW RUN A SWEEPSTAKE ON THE TIME WHEN THE NEXT STUNNING EXPLOSION WILL SHAKE THE HULL—AND PERHAPS BRING THEIR END—A SEAMAN ENTERING THE BETS IN A POCKET-BOOK.

Continued.

boots. Then what they awaited happened. A shattering explosion seemed to contract the hull of the submarine. All lights were extinguished. There was everywhere the crash of broken glass, and in the silence the sound of water spouting and the hiss of air escaping from the high-pressure system. Portable lights revealed enough of the catastrophe. One motor and both engines were out of action. From half-a-dozen leaks in the air system air hissed as from a punctured tyre. Working as noiselessly as possible they contrived to restore the lighting and stop the air leaks. Then they waited, while the atmosphere in the submarine grew fouler and fouler. At last the Lieutenant in command, knowing that night had fallen, explained his decision to the crew. If the ballast tanks still held—which was doubtful—he intended to blow them and rise to the surface. Once there, although the ship was practically helpless, he intended to fight to the death.

So tough was the construction of this submarine that, in spite of the frightful punishment she had received, the tanks held, and she rose floundering to the surface. It was a clear, starlight night. There was nothing in sight. For the moment they were saved. But with engines almost entirely disabled, wireless smashed, and unable to dive again, their plight was still desperate enough. The submarine crawled away on her one motor, while the warrant engineer below began a desperate attempt to put life into his twisted and damaged machinery. Three hours later he reported the starboard engine ready, so that they had now a sporting chance of life. In the dawn the wireless operator reported another miracle. He had repaired the wireless. First they radioed a warning to submarines, giving details of the danger area, and then sent out a call for help. At last, the following midnight, they reached a rendezvous with British destroyers.

WARSAW FALLS BEFORE RUTHLESS BOMBARDMENT: VIVID WAR PICTURES.



NG IN THE BACKGROUND SMOKING BUILDINGS, INCLUDING FORTIFICATIONS ED BY THE GERMAN ARTILLERY: AN AERIAL VIEW OF WARSAW TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE POLISH CAPITAL CAPITULATED ON SEPTEMBER 27. (A.P.)



THE ALL-CONSUMING CHARACTER OF A FIRE CAUSED BY GERMAN INCENDIARY BOMBS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF WARSAW AFTER THE DROPPING OF AN INCENDIARY BOMB IN A GERMAN RAID. (Fox.)



ADMIRING NAZI HANDIWORK—WITH GERMAN STAFF OFFICERS IN A SAFE POSITION NEAR WARSAW: HITLER (EXTREME RIGHT) INSPECTING THROUGH FIELD PERISCOPES THE PROGRESS OF HIS ARMY.



THE ATTACKERS: GERMAN RIFLEMEN, AND A MAN WITH A RANGE-FINDER, IN A POSITION OVERLOOKING THE CITY. (Wide World.)



MOVING EVIDENCE OF THE DESPERATE HEROISM WITH WHICH THE POPULATION OF WARSAW DEFENDED THEIR BELOVED CAPITAL: STREET BARRICADES HASTILY THROWN UP IN A SUBURB OF THE CITY—AN ENEMY PHOTOGRAPH.



THE TERRIBLE EFFECT OF MODERN HIGH EXPLOSIVE: A HOLE OPENED INTO A TUNNEL UNDER THE STREET—IN BIELITZ.

A Warsaw defence communiqué received in Paris on September 25 first officially revealed to the world the appalling loss of life and the havoc caused by the German bombardment of the Polish capital. In Warsaw, it was stated, "there are no longer any buildings where there have not been victims, or which remain intact. Most houses, and especially the public buildings, are in ruins. As a result of the bombardment of the last twenty-four hours about 100 fires have broken out, and in the same space of time there have been several thousand victims among the civil population."

A "Times" Special Correspondent stated on September 26 that the intensity of the artillery and air bombardment of the Polish capital was further increased on September 25-6, apparently with the determination to reduce the chief parts of the city on the left bank of the Vistula "to heaps of ruins." In explanation of these ruthless methods the German Command announced that the defenders had forced them to resort to cruel measures because they "obstinately refused to listen to reason or to recognise the futility of resistance."

DEFEAT, BUT NOT DISHONOUR: THE GERMANS ENTER MARTYRISED WARSAW.



AFTER 20 DAYS OF HEROIC DEFENCE IN FACE OF A MURDEROUS BOMBARDMENT: NAZI TROOPS PARADING IN THEATRE SQUARE, WARSAW, SOME OF WHOSE SURVIVING INHABITANTS ARE SEEN SILENTLY WATCHING THEIR ATTACKERS. (A.P.)



SHOWING THE TRUTH OF THE REPORTS THAT NO SINGLE BUILDING IN WARSAW WAS LEFT UNTOUCHED BY THE BOMBARDMENT: DISARMED POLISH SOLDIERS IN A STREET IN WHICH ALL THE HOUSES EXHIBIT SHELL-HOLES OR OTHER DAMAGE. (Planet.)



GERMAN TROOPS MARCHING INTO THE WRECKED CAPITAL. ON SEPTEMBER 25 THE ENTIRE BUSINESS CENTRE OF WARSAW WAS REPORTED TO BE IN FLAMES, AFTER THREE DAYS' CEASELESS AIR AND LAND BOMBARDMENT. (Planet.)



THE NAZI "TRIUMPHAL" PARADE IN WARSAW: GERMAN CAVALRY AND INFANTRY MARCHING DOWN THE DESERTED "ALEJA UJAZDOWSKA," THE POLISH CHAMPS ELYSEES; THE FAMOUS THREE CROSSES CHURCH BEING ON THE RIGHT. (A.P.)



A SCENE OF DEATHLESS PRIDE FOR POLAND AND OF ETERNAL DISHONOUR TO HITLER'S GERMANY: THE PLENIPOTENTIARY, GENERAL KUTZREBA, ACCOMPANIED BY CIVILIAN HOSTAGES, SURRENDERS WARSAW TO GENERAL BLASKOWITZ. (Keystone.)

Blatantly proud and boastful of Germany's exploit in having encompassed the destruction of a brave Christian people whose integrity Hitler had unqualifiedly guaranteed in a non-aggression Pact valid until 1944, the Nazi Propaganda Ministry have freely distributed these pictures in neutral countries, evidently in the naïve belief that they may increase the prestige of the régime. Doubtless similar tactics appropriate to the epoch were practised by Xerxes after overcoming by treachery and slaughter the immortal defenders of Thermopylae. If so, they helped nothing in forestalling the overwhelming defeat of the attacking Persian hordes at Marathon

and Salamis. The decision to enter into negotiations for the capitulation of Warsaw was announced in a communiqué issued by the Defence Command of the city at 11.30 a.m. on September 28. The reasons given to the world and posterity for the surrender, after a three weeks' resistance which is likely to rank with the most heroic stands in history, stated in simple and straightforward language, were (1) that fire had destroyed the food reserves, (2) that the numbers of wounded had increased to 16,000 soldiers and 20,000 civilians, and (3) that hygienic conditions were such that there was an imminent threat of epidemics.

THE "HEAVIES" AND THEIR CREWS: RANGE PRACTICE FOR THE "REAL THING."



1. A GUN-CREW READY FOR ACTION. 2. CATCHING THE RAMROD TO BE USED ON THE GUN AFTER FIRING. 3. A GENERAL VIEW ON THE RANGES VIVIDLY SUGGESTING THE "REAL THING." 4. FIRING THE GUN—THE GUNNER PULLS THE LANYARD, CAUSING THE FIRING-PIN TO STRIKE THE PERCUSSION-CAP, AND THUS IGNITING THE PROPELLING CHARGE. 5. SIGHTING THE GUN.

These photographs of some of the Army's latest and heaviest guns in action were recently taken at a famous Army artillery school in Britain. A notable feature of these guns is their mobility, rendered possible, despite their weight, by the enormous "balloon" tyres on which they are mounted. The wheel itself is not large: as can be seen, the actual diameter from the hub to the rim is

comparatively small. The two new tendencies in modern artillery armament are: to increase the number of light weapons of less calibre than the 3-in. in close support of the infantry; the other tendency is to evolve guns with mounts which will permit them to be used for more than one purpose: anti-tank guns which also fire on, aeroplanes, and A.-A. guns for ground targets. (Photographs by Fox.)

SHELLS IN THOUSANDS FROM A RECENTLY CONVERTED FACTORY.



MERELY ONE INSTANCE OF BRITAIN'S HUGE MUNITION-MAKING EFFORT: A GREAT STACK OF SHINING SHELLS TURNED OUT BY AN ORDINARY FACTORY CONVERTED TO THIS WORK DURING OUR REARMAMENT PROGRAMME.

Recently representatives of the British, French and neutral Press were shown an ammunition factory "somewhere in the Black Country." It was merely a typical factory—one out of many; but one point lent it special interest—two years ago it was derelict, and, as in many other spots, the works had to be converted from peace-time wartime work. Production began a year ago. Now its year's output amounts to nearly a million shells. All over the country shells are now being made in works

which were but lately turning out textile and mining machinery, locomotives and motor-car parts. Nor does the Ministry of Supply disdain quite small contributions, and the case was recently reported of a seaside garage which had converted its machinery to this work. By the organisation of this huge effort the munition-making achievements of the war of 1914-18 have already been eclipsed, and that without any strain or serious disorganisation of our national economy. (P.N.A.)

THE LONG ARM OF OUR NAVY: A U-BOAT MEETS ITS END, DESTROYERS HAVING PICKED UP ITS TRAIL 120 MILES AWAY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE ATLANTIC A BRITISH MERCHANT-SHIP WAS ATTACKED BY A U-BOAT AND SENT OUT WIRELESS SIGNALS FOR HELP.



BRITISH DESTROYERS PATROLLING 120 MILES AWAY PICKED UP THE S O S AND WENT AT FULL SPEED TO THE POSITION GIVEN BY THE MERCHANTMAN.



WHEN THEY ARRIVED NOTHING WAS IN SIGHT; BUT THEIR MARVELLOUS LISTENING DEVICES INDICATED THAT A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE WAS IN THE VICINITY.



THE DESTROYERS TOOK UP STATIONS FOR OPERATIONS. THE U-BOAT TWISTED AND CHANGED COURSE BENEATH THE WATER, BUT TO NO PURPOSE.



THE POINT OF INTERSECTION WHERE SOUNDS OF THE HOSTILE SUBMARINE ARE HEARD EQUALLY LOUDLY IN EACH DESTROYER. LOCATING, GLAD, GIVES POSITION OF SUBMERGED U-BOAT.



IN A FEW MINUTES THE LEADER WAS OVER THE SUBMARINE AND SHE BEGAN TO DROP HER DEPTH-CHARGES.



AT THE FOURTH DEPTH-CHARGE THERE WAS A GREAT UNDER-WATER FLASH AND A HUGE SPOUT OF WATER ROSE INTO THE AIR. THE U-BOAT HAD BEEN DESTROYED.



OIL APPEARED OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE FOURTH DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLODED, AND GRADUALLY SPREAD. A SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS WAS MADE; NONE WERE FOUND.

RETRIBUTION BROUGHT TO THE U-BOAT FROM AFAR: A SERIES OF DRAWINGS SHOWING THE SUCCESSFUL HUNTING BY BRITISH DESTROYERS OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE AFTER A DASH ACROSS 120 MILES OF THE ATLANTIC, AN SOS FROM A BRITISH MERCHANTMAN WHICH THE U-BOAT HAD ATTACKED, PROVIDING THE DESTROYERS WITH A CLUE TO THE SUBMARINE'S WHEREABOUTS.

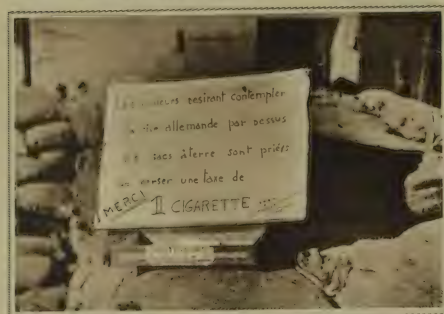
These drawings depict the sinking of one of the first of the U-boats accounted for by the Royal Navy. The story is as follows. A British merchant-ship was attacked somewhere out in the Atlantic by a German submarine. Promptly she sent out an SOS by her wireless, a shot from the U-boat having failed to put this out of action. One hundred and twenty miles away the message

was picked up by British destroyers. Sending no signals which might disturb the U-boat, the destroyers steamed at full speed to the spot indicated by the stricken merchantman. After about two hours there was nothing in sight, but the leading ship became aware that she was approaching an area in which a submarine was submerged. The U-boat changed course, but that made no

difference. The hunters took stations for operations; soon the submarine's exact position was located. In a few minutes the leader was immediately over the U-boat. She dropped three depth-charges; and at the fourth she knew for certain she had struck her target. There was a great under-water flash, and a huge spout of water rose in the air. Soon oil appeared, and gradually spread

over the spot where the fourth depth-charge had exploded. This charge must have fallen squarely on the submarine, which may well have already been damaged and seeking to surface. The destroyer knew she had sunk the U-boat. There was a long search for survivors; none were found. The story stands as an example of the great efficiency of the Navy's anti-U-boat technique.

BOMBARDING GERMAN LINES WITH GUNS MOUNTED ON GERMAN SOIL; AND OTHER SCENES ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



"VISITORS WANTING TO LOOK OVER THE PARAPET AT THE GERMAN BANK [OF THE RHINE]—PLEASE PAY THE TAX OF ONE CIGARETTE. THANK YOU." (Pictorial)



LOADING A FRENCH LONG-RANGE GUN, ON A SEMI-PERMANENT MOUNTING; ON THE WESTERN FRONT. (British Maritime News)



TOWERING IMPOSINGLY AND THREATENINGLY INTO THE SKIES—ONE OF THE CAMOUFLAGED FRENCH SUPER-HEAVY GUNS. (Keystone)



WITH THE GERMAN TOWN OF KEHL ONLY 300 YARDS ACROSS THE RHINE—THE FAMOUS IRON BRIDGE AT STRASBOURG. (Paramount News Reel)



SOME OF THE WORKS CONSTRUCTED BY THE FRENCH DURING THEIR ADVANCE INTO GERMAN TERRITORY: TROOPS IN A TRENCH DUG IN ENEMY SOIL. (Keystone)



A VIEW TAKEN ALONG THE BARREL (LOOKING UPWARDS) OF A CAMOUFLAGED FRENCH SUPER-HEAVY GUN. (Keystone)



THE EXPLOSION AS A FRENCH GUN, EQUIPPED WITH A SPLIT-TRAIL CARRIAGE, SENDS ITS MISSILE ON TO AN ENEMY POSITION. (Pictorial)



"FOR THOSE OF THE PARISH KILLED IN THE WAR OF 1914-1918"—A MEMORIAL UNDAUNTED IN A DEMOLISHED VILLAGE. (Pictorial)



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE KEHL-STRASBOURG BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE, SHOWING THE FRENCH OUTPOSTS LOOKING AT THE GERMANS 300 YARDS AWAY. (British Maritime News)



FRENCH TROOPS IN A CAPTURED GERMAN VILLAGE—THE VILLAGE BEARING LITTLE SIGNS OF WAR BUT THE BARBED WIRE. (Keystone)



HAMMERING HOME THE SHELL: WORKING ONE OF THE FRENCH GUNS WHICH ARE POUNDING THE BESIEGED DEFENCES. (Keystone)



A FRENCH GUN BOMBARDING GERMAN LINES FROM ITS POSITION IN ONE OF THE WOODS ON GERMAN SOIL CAPTURED DURING THE ADVANCE. (Keystone)

As we are all by now aware, our French allies have carried the war into German territory; among the above photographs is one of a German village now in French hands—a village wearing with its apparently undamaged railway station and leafy trees, a peacetime air . . . except for the barbed-wire barricade and the fact that only the military are to be seen on the cobbled street. The famous bridge from French Strasbourg to German Kehl

(only three hundred yards away) also looks curiously peaceful; and it seems incredible that the men at either end are enemies. So near, indeed, are the German and French lines in this area, separated only by the Rhine, that, as one of our photographs shows, a tax of a cigarette is imposed on those desirous of seeing the German bank! The other scenes, however, suggest vividly enough the destructive reality of war—the loading of the guns, and

the flash and smoke of their explosions. The German war memorial—a rough translation reading "For those of the parish, killed in the war of 1914-18"—is an ironic reminder of the last war. By one of those strange hazards for which bombardments are famed, it stood alone and undamaged (it is reported) in a village totally demolished. As we go to press a large part of the fighting on the Western front has so far consisted of each side

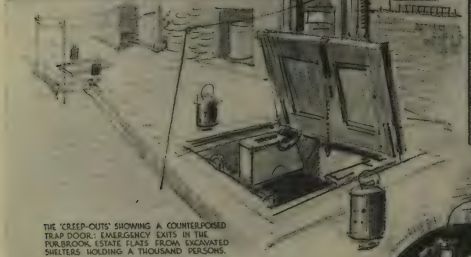
testing out the other, with the French doing most of the testing. These "testing operations" are, nevertheless, nervous and difficult affairs. But along the front the order has been to be prudent and calm, so as to avoid wasting lives. Where the French have thought it wise to push forward to some vantage point they have succeeded. Where there have been German counter-attacks they have failed.

A COMPREHENSIVE SHELTER SCHEME FOR THE PEOPLE OF BERMONDSEY: A LONDON BOROUGH'S EXEMPLARY A.R.P.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY CAPT. BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



BETWEEN THE BLOCKS OF FLATS ON A BERMONDSEY ESTATE, CHAIRS AND FLATROOFS HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO SANDING SHELTERS—FIVE SHELTERS AS ABOVE HOLDING 530 PERSONS.



THE 'CREEP-OUTS' SHOWING A COUNTERPOSED TRAP-DOOR EMERGENCY EXITS IN THE PURBROOK ESTATE FLATS FROM EXCAVATED SHELTERS HOLDING A THOUSAND PERSONS.



A FORMER TENNIS-COURT NOW BEING RECONSTRUCTED AT BERMONDSEY AND INTENDED TO SHELTER 520 PEOPLE SEATED, AND TO HAVE FOUR ENTRANCES AND TWO 'CREEP-OUTS'.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE ADAPTATION OF RAILWAY ARCHES INTO AIR RAID SHELTERS TO PROTECT PEOPLE CAUGHT OUT IN THE STREETS DURING A RAID—WITH SIDE ARCHES CONVERTED INTO LONG SHELTERS BY SANDING THE ENTRANCES, AND THE CENTRE ARCH LEFT CLEAR FOR TRAFFIC.



ONE OF THE 'OVER-GROUND' SHELTERS, WITH THE APPEARANCE OF ROCK GARDENS OF RESISTANCE—AND BUT OF WHICH THERE WILL BE A HUNDRED. THEY HOLD 80 PERSONS SEATED (SEE INSERT) AND ARE CONSTRUCTED WITH A 'CREEP-OUT'. THEY ALL PROVIDE PROTECTION BELOW GROUND LEVEL.



ONE OF THE MOST ARCHES UNDER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY VIADUCT WHICH HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO SHELTERS. EACH HOLDING EIGHT HUNDRED PEOPLE. FOUR OTHERS HAVE BEEN CONVERTED, MAKING FIVE IN ALL.



ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES AT ROTHERHITHE AN OLD DISUSED BRICK FACTORY WAS REQUISITIONED, WITH A CAPACIOUS UNDERGROUND SHELTER, (SHOWN BELOW) HAVING WALLS 13 FT. THICK AND HOLDING 1,250 PERSONS IN ABSOLUTE SECURITY.



SOME OF THE INGENUOUS ADAPTATIONS BY WHICH THE BOROUGH OF BERMONDSEY HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM IDEAS THAT MIGHT PROFITABLY BE COPIED

Bermondsey is setting a splendid example to other crowded London boroughs in the provision of ample and sound shelter for the entire population in the event of German air raids, which, as we write, have still not materialised, becoming an unpleasant reality. "We are providing strong shelters for every person living in this borough, and our scheme will be permanent," Mr. W. E. Baker, the Borough A.R.P. Controller, declared recently. Some types of the extensive measures now being taken in the neighbourhood to meet the threatened menace to human life from the skies are illustrated in these

sketches, which were specially drawn for us on the spot by Capt. Bryan de Grineau. The artist's own descriptions are appended to each sketch; but some supplementary details may usefully be added here. Already there is accommodation on the six square-foot principle for more than 67,000 people, and as a number of the shelters are lofty, and temporary ones have been erected, all could be given room. Something like twenty-five thousand Bermondsey women and children have evacuated, leaving about 75,000 in the Borough. The centre of the local A.R.P. activity is the Bermondsey

OF PROVIDING ADEQUATE PROTECTION IN AIR RAIDS FOR EVERYBODY REMAINING IN THE EVACUATION AREAS: BY OTHER DENSELY POPULATED URBAN CENTRES.

Town Hall, which is the headquarters of Mr. H. Travers, the Chief A.R.P. Officer and Deputy-Controller. Here stretcher-parties are always on duty, while, in the basement, is the Control Centre, with a huge map of the Borough, and coloured buttons to show exactly where bomb damage has been done. The centre is manned day and night, not by volunteers, but by Council staff. Some of the most spacious shelters are in railway arches, others beneath wharf buildings, on housing estates, or on any piece of waste ground. A big rice mill, acquired for a lido, is now a 'fortress' shelter, with thick concrete

walls, two alternate lighting supplies, and seats for twelve hundred persons. Altogether, some 5500 people can be sheltered in the converted arches. The adjacent footpaths are shut off by great stacks of sandbags piled between the arches, which are open at both ends and specially lighted and equipped with seats. In addition to the permanent shelters available, in the evening a number of factories hand over their underground shelters as soon as they close. Many shelters have "escape hatches," as illustrated, consisting of roof trap-doors which swing open when a handle is pulled.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK AND PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD CALDECOTE.

Lord Caldecote, the new Lord Chancellor, was sworn in at the Law Courts on October 3. Till the outbreak of war, Lord Caldecote (then Sir Thomas Inskip) was Secretary of State for Dominions, being succeeded by Mr. Eden. Previously Minister, Co-Ordination of Defence.



MAJOR-GENERAL P. NEAME.

Major-General P. Neame's appointment as Deputy Chief of the Imperial Staff was announced in the "London Gazette" of October 6. Major-General Neame was born in 1888, and entered the Army in 1908. Since 1938 he had been Commandant, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.



PRINCE EDWARD, THE ELDEST CHILD OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, WHO CELEBRATED THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH ON OCTOBER 9.



SIR WALTER MONCKTON, K.C.

Sir Walter Monckton's appointment as Controller of Censorship was announced by the Prime Minister on October 3. His duties also include supervising arrangements for the central communication of news to the Press. Sir Walter has been Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall.



THE LATE MR. ROBERT SIEVIER.

One of the most romantic personalities connected with the Turf, who died on October 8; aged seventy-nine, "Bob" Sievier's career included experiences as varied as serving in the Kaffir War, being shipwrecked, and cast up on a leper colony island, and acting in London and abroad.



HITLER ADDRESSING THE REICHSTAG ON OCTOBER 6.

In his speech delivered before the Reichstag on October 6, on problems arising from the "collapse" of Poland, Hitler, announcing his peace plan, proposed a European conference. This, however, he added, could not meet "under the thunder of guns," or even pressure of mobilised armies.



A CONCERT-PARTY SENT OUT BY "ENSA" ENTERTAINS THE TROOPS IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN FROM AN IMPROVISED PLATFORM.

In a recent send-off at Drury Lane Theatre to a number of concert-parties setting out to entertain His Majesty's forces in various parts of the country, Sir Seymour Hicks, the Controller of the Entertainment National Service Association, or "Ensa," emphasised the national character of the work the concert-parties were about to do.



GENERAL VON BRAUCHITSCH (RIGHT), WITH GENERAL HALDER.

In the above photograph, the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army is seen on the Eastern Front studying a map of Poland with General Halder, his Chief of Staff. In September, General von Brauchitsch was reported to have arrived on the Western Front to take command of the German armies on the Siegfried Line.



THE TURKISH MILITARY MISSION, WITH ITS LEADER, GENERAL ORBAY (FOURTH FROM LEFT); AND COLONEL PEARS, A BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE.

The Turkish Military Mission, headed by General Orbay, who was accompanied by his wife, Mme. Orbay, arrived in London on October 3. Discussions have been held with the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Our photograph shows the Mission after their luncheon at the Mansion House, on October 5; they are (l. to r.) Captain Turkkan, Colonel Atac, Colonel Pears, Gen. Orbay, Major Alkin, and Captain Akoglu.



A POLISH GOVERNMENT, FORMED IN PARIS: THE PRESIDENT, M. RACZKIEWICZ (THIRD FROM RIGHT), AND BESIDE HIM (L.) GENERAL SIKORSKI.

At the moment of going to press, it is reported that the new Polish Government, recently formed in Paris, will probably move its seat to Angers, the old capital of Anjou. Our group shows (r. to l.) Colonel Adam Koc, Minister of Finance, M. Stronki, Vice-President of the Council, M. Raczkiewicz, the President, General Sikorski, the Prime Minister and War Minister, and M. Zaleski, Foreign Minister.

**"RINGSTRAKED AND SPOTTED":
LONDON'S WARTIME MOTIF
OF BLACK AND WHITE.**



THE WHOLESALE TRANSFORMATION OF LONDON'S STREETS: A STRETCH WITH EVERY OBJECT NEAR THE ROAD PAINTED BLACK AND WHITE.



ON THE EMBANKMENT: A STREET REFUGE PAINTED BLACK AND WHITE, WITH SPECIAL LAMPS ATTACHED TO THE POSTS.



ON THE PAVEMENT: A SANDBAG BARRICADE PROTECTING AN ENTRANCE FROM BLAST, WHITE-EDGED FOR THE BENEFIT OF PEDESTRIANS.



A CROSSING WITH EVERYTHING THAT INTERESTS THE MOTORIST PAINTED BLACK AND WHITE; AND LAMPS SPECIALLY SHADED.



ONE OF THE FAMILIAR RED PILLAR-BOXES RINGED WITH WHITE. THE TOPS OF MANY ARE PAINTED WITH YELLOW GAS-DETECTING PAINT.



HOW SUBURBIA IS BEING TRANSFORMED BY THE INDUSTRIOUS PAINTER: A TREE CAREFULLY DECORATED WITH WHITE BANDS.



HOW "AMATEUR" BLACK-OUT ARTISTS ARE ALTERING LONDON'S APPEARANCE WITH SAFETY MARKINGS: ENTRANCES IN A RESIDENTIAL AREA HEAVILY WHITENED (LEFT); AND THE PATTERN MOST FAVOURED FOR THE DISTINGUISHING OF CARS IN THE BLACK-OUT.



It is safe to say that more white paint has been used in the streets of London in the last month than ever before in the city's long history. The pattern of wartime London is like that of Jacob's cattle, "ringstraked and spotted." On every hand busy professional "pavement artists" are to be seen at work with pots and brushes;

not to mention the enthusiastic amateurs adorning the wings and bumpers of their cars, their garden gate-posts, and even their rockeries. Everything that could be an obstacle to motorist or pedestrian in the black-out has thus been decorated; and these measures have saved many lives—not to mention tempers. (Fox Photos.)

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST.

By CYRIL FALLS.

IN 1914 Germany invaded Belgium and occupied Luxemburg in order to open a road into France. The chief reason was that the Franco-German frontier was comparatively short for the manoeuvres of modern mass armies and strongly fortified. She therefore outflanked France by means of the invasion of neutral territory. Today the frontier is different, because victorious France took back in 1918 Alsace and Lorraine, torn from her by the victorious Germany nearly half a century earlier. But the extent of the frontier is not appreciably different, and is infinitely more strongly fortified now than it was in 1914. Moreover, for practical purposes the frontier has been shortened by more than one half, because in 1914 the Germans held both banks of the Rhine between the Moselle frontier and Karlsruhe, whereas now in this section a huge gorge of the river separates the two countries and their armies.

A passage of the Rhine by French or German troops did not seem to be dismissed as out of the question, but the odds against its succeeding, and therefore against its being attempted, seem to be heavy. A force might well be driven across, but its bridges would probably be destroyed by artillery and aircraft, in which case it could not long retain its ground and would probably be ultimately destroyed. In addition, the country on either side of the Rhine is inhospitable to an invading army, the Black Forest on the east and the Vosges on the west. Taking into account the Rhine front, which has so far been completely calm except for very occasional bursts of artillery fire, that on which the opposing armies are in contact stretches from the Rhine at Karlsruhe to the Moselle on the Luxemburg border. The extent of the fighting line is roughly one hundred miles as the crow flies. The country is rugged generally and in places very wooded. The frontier crosses the saddle of the Black Forest, which is really an offshoot of the Vosges, drops into the basin of the Saar at Saarbrücken, and then runs eastward, some miles on the French side of the Moselle. The district has often heard the clash of French and German arms. The illustrious Turenne performed some of his most brilliant feats; Villars and Hoche gained victories; and, on the other hand, the war of 1870 was marked by French defeats, all upon the scenes of the present fighting.

The German defences of this narrow gateway consist, as I have previously pointed out, not of a "line" or even of a series of lines, but of a series of zones. Inside the frontier there exists a belt, in places as broad as eight miles, which has sometimes been described as "No Man's Land," but which was at the outset occupied by advanced posts. The main zone runs from opposite Karlsruhe, past the southern outskirts of Pirmasens, some three miles north of Saarbrücken, to the Saar near Merzig. It then follows the right bank of the river to the confluence with the Moselle, and is continued along the frontiers of Luxemburg and Belgium. Its outer edge generally crowns a crest, the remainder of the position, from a mile to two miles deep, lying on the reverse slope, so that it can be observed only from the air. An advanced zone, sometimes called the "Siegfried Loop," follows the Saar from Saarbrücken, rejoining the main defences where they reach the river near Merzig.

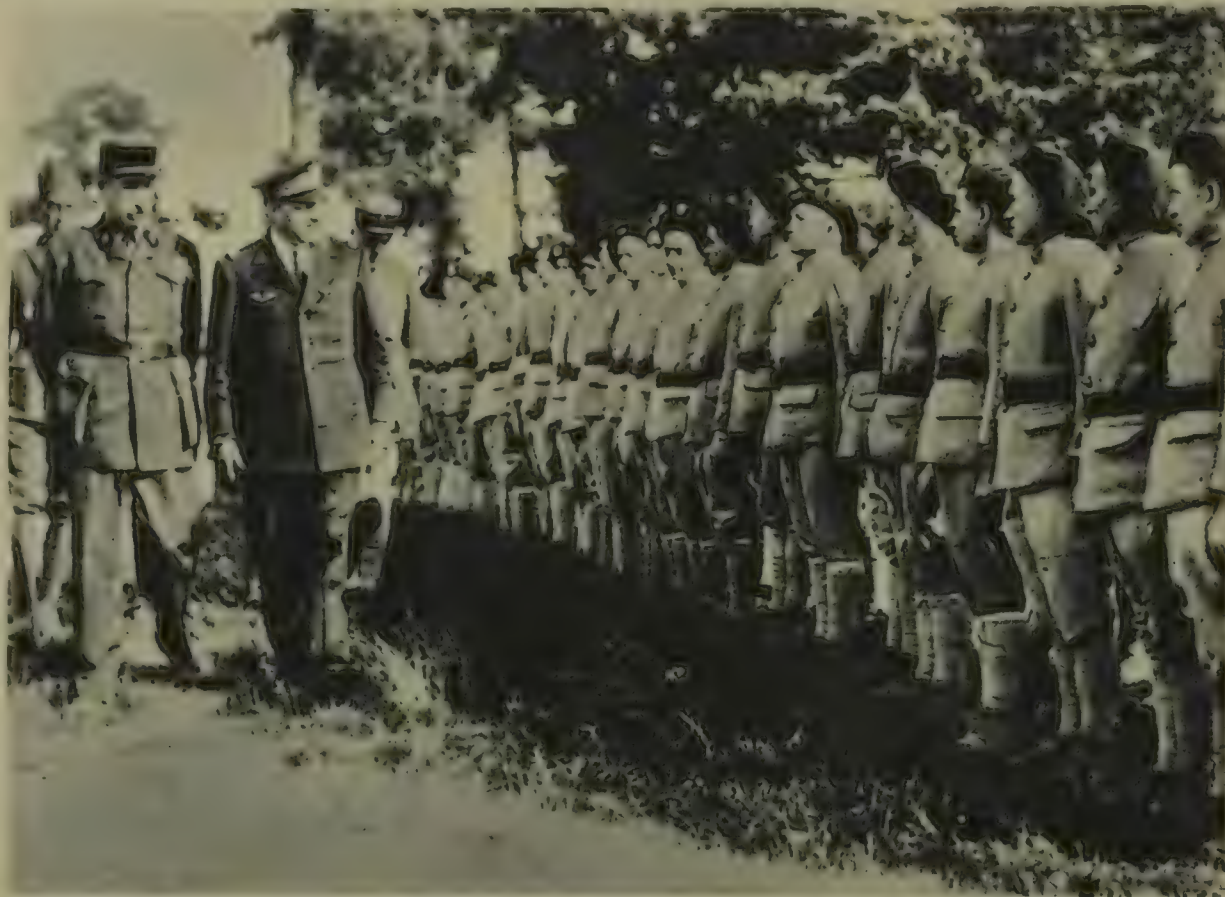
The outer edge of this great defensive belt is protected by barbed wire and—far more important—by the concrete anti-tank obstacles which have been illustrated in previous numbers. The remaining defences consist of concrete fortresses, some of which have also appeared in these pages. These casemates are dotted about chequer-wise and number in some places sixty to the square mile or even more. Naturally, the more advanced are the smaller and are occupied by machine-gun detachments, the artillery emplacements being in rear. There exist tunnels and caverns in hillsides—of which, again, photographs have appeared—to shelter considerable numbers of troops, but the Siegfried Position, built more hastily, less massively, than the Maginot Line, and designed on a different principle, is not comparable to it in this respect. Some miles in rear runs another zone, constructed on the same method, though possibly not quite so strong, and one can take it for granted that the western defences of Germany do not end with that. Yet all this represents only the shell, the framework of the system, which is based on the

counter-attack, probably local and quite small within the outpost zone, but to be launched with all available strength and tremendous violence should the main zone be breached. The front is well served by railways



THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" WAR CORRESPONDENT IN FRANCE: CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

Captain Bryan de Grineau has been appointed the officially accredited war correspondent of "The Illustrated London News." His vivid drawings illustrating scenes in many parts of the world are well known to our readers. During the war of 1914-18 he served with the Royal Field Artillery in France, and after every action in which he took part he was able to send evocative "front-line" drawings to "The Illustrated London News." Captain Bryan de Grineau was born in London, and studied art in Paris, Antwerp, and New York. His drawings illustrating phases of the present war will be published in the near future.



THE BEGINNING OF POLAND'S RE-BIRTH: THE FORMATION OF A POLISH ARMY ON FRENCH SOIL—THE TROOPS BEING REVIEWED BY GENERAL DENAIN.

A new Polish Army is in process of formation in France, and above we show a picture of some of its troops being reviewed by General Denain. The army is composed of Poles escaped from their unhappy country, now overrun by the invader, and by Poles who were resident outside their country, mostly in France and Belgium, who have answered the call to fight to restore Poland's independence. General Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister and C.-in-C., said his Government's task was to form a Polish Army to stand by the side of its Allies and continue the fight against barbarism until victory was obtained. (Associated Press.)

and roads, and a great strategic road or *Autobahn* runs parallel to it.

Such was the problem confronting General Gamelin at the outbreak of war. It was complicated by the fact that, though about sixty German divisions were engaged in the East, Germany had carried out a secret mobilisation,

whereas France began hers only after the announcement of the Russo-German Pact, and then slowly, class by class. A very large French Army was also necessarily disposed upon the Italian frontier. In such circumstances the attitude often adopted by commanders in 1914-1918 is fatal. It may be expressed by the words: "It is obviously

desirable that I should capture these defences; and, though losses will be heavy, I think I see a chance of success." The sound tactician will rather put the matter as a question: "Are the chances in my favour good enough to warrant the attempt, in view of the certainty of heavy losses? Are the odds on success three to one? Are they even two to one?" If the answer be in the negative he will decide against a major ground offensive. (A major air offensive had obviously been ruled out, on authority higher than that of General Gamelin, for good and sufficient reasons.)

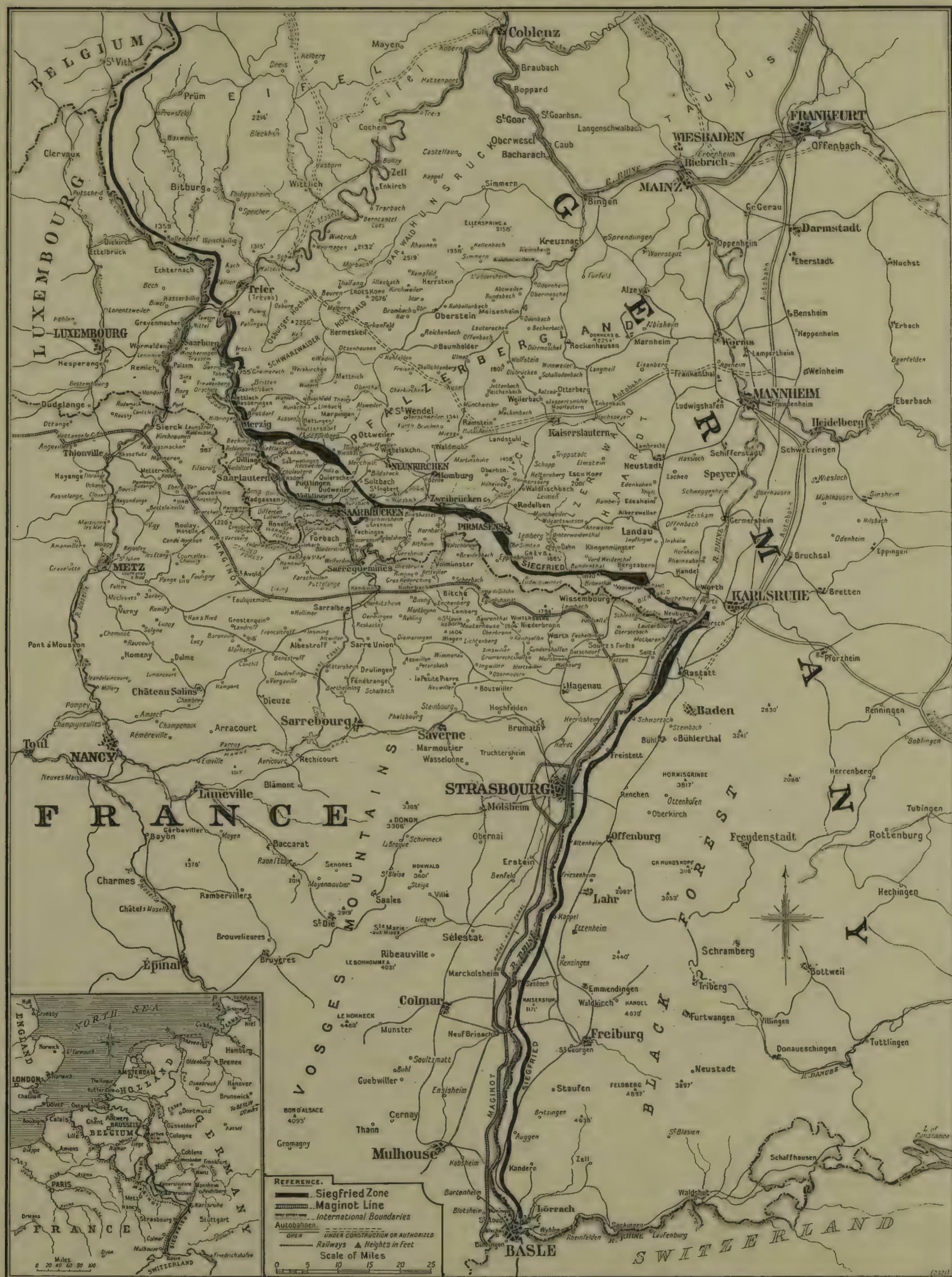
As an alternative to a "full-dress" attack the French at once began pushing forward small advanced guards, with the intention of gradually driving the German outposts back to the main Siegfried zone. It so happened that in the Saar basin every yard of ground gained by the French was a loss to the Germans. The rich coalfield extends right up to the frontier, in fact, beyond it. As a result of the French pressure a wide area of this coalfield is now idle and Germany is having to do without supplies of fuel of which she stands in urgent need. In addition, many important factory towns have already been evacuated, and this movement is continuing.

What is the nature of the operations? In places it has been the clearing of big tracts of woodland, such as the Forest of Warndt, south-west of Saarbrücken: a game of hide-and-seek, wherein the chief weapons employed are the automatic rifle, the little mobile gun or mortar, perhaps, on occasion, the hand-grenade. Some reports speak of the bayonet, whereupon the modernists sneer and retort that it is an extinct weapon. That may be so, yet one ventures to believe that the sight of it at close quarters has not altogether lost its effect. More often the struggle has been for successive observation posts. A crash of artillery, a sudden swoop of tanks followed by little groups of infantry, a last burst of machine-gun fire from the defenders, and another hill or ridge passes into French hands. So far, progress has been uninterrupted, and whenever the French have set their mind upon an objective they have secured it. On a large proportion of the front the greater part of the outpost zone has been eaten up and some fifty villages have fallen into French hands. These advances have been conducted with great skill and dash, but they have never been on a large scale. The biggest was perhaps that carried out on Sept. 28 immediately east of the Moselle. Numerous tanks were employed on this occasion; the frontage extended to over four miles; and at certain points the advance was well over half a mile. Not a single frontal attack has been launched against a town or a village, and none of the series of minor victories has been dearly bought.

Frequent counter-attacks have been launched by the Germans, almost always without even temporary success and always without success in the long run. It is reported that some of them have been costly, and this is probably true, but only in proportion to the effectives employed. These have in general amounted to not more than a company in strength. Two companies have been spoken of occasionally, and there has been one single mention of a battalion. I have heard no word of German tanks and should be surprised to learn that any have been used as yet. They will be reserved for counter-attacks on a scale far greater than anything hitherto attempted. The French engineers have accomplished fine work in clearing the captured ground of land-mines and booby-traps. Aircraft, British as well as French, have carried out daring and brilliant reconnaissances, which have fully disclosed the nature of the defences. In short, these are preliminary operations only, but they have been conducted cleverly and confidently, with the

close co-operation of all arms. We may be on the eve of something bigger, but if so it may be the result of German initiative, not French. It is little to the liking of the enemy that from one end of the northern half of the frontier to the other, French troops should be treading the soil of the Reich.

THE WESTERN FRONT: A NEW MAP, GIVING ALL STRATEGIC FEATURES.



SHOWING THE SIEGFRIED LINE "ZONE," OF VARYING DEPTH, AND THE MAGINOT LINE ACCORDING TO THE LATEST INFORMATION: A NEW MAP OF THE WESTERN FRONT ON WHICH RECENT OPERATIONS MAY BE STUDIED.

The map reproduced above supplies the most detailed and comprehensive survey of the Western Front yet made available to the public, from Saint Vith, on the Belgian-German frontier, to Basle. As we write, reports emanating from neutral observers in Germany describe preparations for an early offensive, possibly through Belgium or Luxembourg. Most important in this connection is the recent French advance on their extreme left. Here they have pushed forward into the area

between the Luxembourg frontier and the Saar; which means that if Germany violates Luxembourg's neutrality the French would be able to withhold the road and rail centre in the town of Luxembourg from the Germans. The map also shows the German *autobahnen*, in the Rhineland, planned to enable troops to be switched quickly from one part of the front to another in large motorised convoys. (Reproduced by arrangement with "The Times.")

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING "CAMOUFLAGE."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

DURING the Great War, somebody started the use of the word "camouflage" to describe the ingenious methods devised by the famous artist Mr. Norman Wilkinson of breaking up the solid appearance of warships, and other large craft at sea, by means of "dazzle-painting" formed of bands and splashes of colour irregularly distributed over their hulls, so as to render it difficult for the range-finders of enemy ships to be sure of their mark. From that time till now we have all been using it. But it was not until I started pondering over the theme of this essay that it occurred to me how much that useful slang-French word had been misused. The word "masking" would perhaps have been more to the point where living animals are concealed under a roofing formed of debris carefully selected from their immediate surroundings. But it has been used again and again for the innumerable instances of "protective coloration" not under the control of the wearer. The hen-pheasant or the wild duck, for example, is not "camouflaged," but "protectively coloured." For here the natural coloration of the bird is such that it blends so harmoniously with the vegetation amid which it is crouching as to become invisible, save by accident, so long as the bird does not move. The stripes of the zebra and the blotches of the giraffe, to which I referred the other day on this page, afford similar instances of this "protective coloration."

But this word "camouflage" served its purpose during those anxious days of 1914 till the end of the war, where the use of "protective coloration" would have failed to convey any definite meaning. One can find no better or more convincing illustration of "camouflage," or "masking," than that furnished by the spider-crabs of our own seas. In the largest species, *Macropodia rostratus*—and others to be mentioned presently—bits of the seaweed amid which it is living are fastened 'on to its back and

might be called a "garden" on its back, made up of seaweeds. Captive specimens placed among sponges pick off the weeds and replace them with fragments of sponge, which presently start to grow. More remarkable are the several species of the family *Dromiidae*, or sponge-crabs. For in these, the last two pairs of legs are shorter than the remaining walking legs. And these diminutive legs are raised up and used to hold living sponges over their backs. The sponge-crab (*Dromia vulgaris*), sometimes to be found on our south-west coast, is an almost globular, hairy brown crab with pink-tipped nippers, and carries on its back, held by these curious grasping legs, a great mass of sponge, often the bread-crumbs sponge

shell an anemone, whose stinging-cells provide ample protection against enemies. Some, by a happy choice, use a sponge instead of an anemone. As time goes on, the sponge absorbs the limy shell, leaving a still larger cavity, so that further house-hunting becomes unnecessary.

Finally, mention must be made of a little tropical crab (*Melia tessellata*), which carries, by the pair of nippers on each of its two big claws, a small anemone, which it thrusts in the face of its enemies when threatened. But it makes yet further use of its defenders. For the particles of food caught by the anemones are seized and eaten by the crab, which uses for this purpose the first long pair of walking-legs. These same long legs are used for tearing the anemones from their anchorage on the rock where they had peacefully been growing, and transferring them to the nippers, which are armed with spine-like "teeth"—to enable them to grip the smooth, soft body.

Masking the body with carefully selected materials is by no means confined to the crab tribe. Some most remarkable examples of this practice are furnished by some species of the marine "shell-fish" *Xenophora* (Fig. 2), which contrives to cover the exposed surface of the shell with loose shells lying on the sea-floor; and sometimes living shells are thus used, while others select stones. But, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph, the result is completely to mask the living body within. Occasionally, at any rate, it would seem, the architect is content with but small fragments of shells fastened along the edges of the whorls, as in *Xenophora pallidula*, from Japan. But in another specimen in my collection, from the Philippines (Fig. 3), collected from a depth of 100 fathoms, both fragments as well as complete shells are used.



FIG. 1. THE SPINY SPIDER-CRAB (*MAIA SQUINATA*), WITH THE SHELL AND LEGS COVERED WITH BITS OF SEAWEED, CAREFULLY COLLECTED BY THE CRAB AND FIXED TO ITS BODY BY MEANS OF HOOKED BRISTLES.

The spiny spider-crab, which hides unseen in rock-pools, bears on its back what might be called a "garden," made up of seaweeds. Captive specimens placed among sponges pick off the weeds and replace them with fragments of sponge, which presently start to grow.

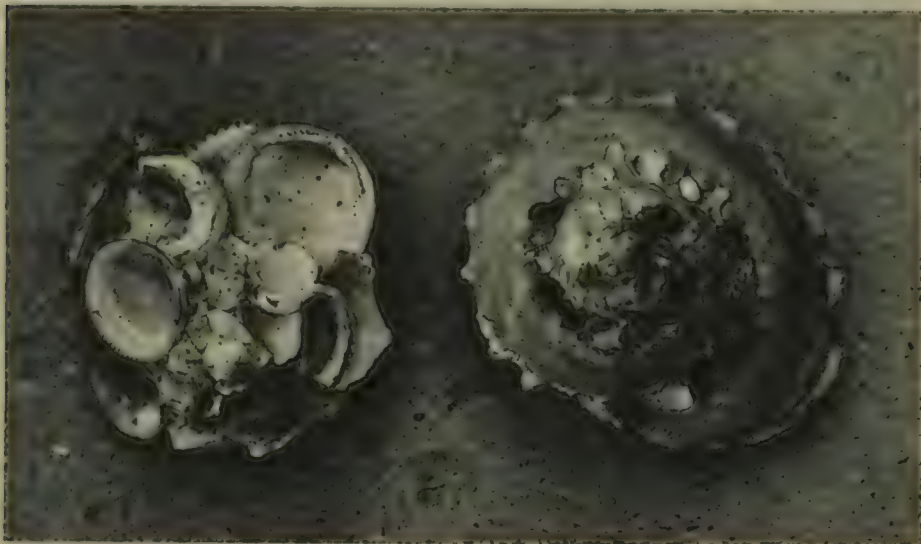


FIG. 2. SPECIES OF MARINE "SHELL-FISH" WHICH CONTRIVE TO COVER THE EXPOSED SURFACE OF THEIR SHELLS WITH LOOSE SHELLS, SOMETIMES LIVING ONES, LYING ON THE SEA-FLOOR: THE JAPANESE *XENOPHORA PALLIDULA* AND (RIGHT) THE CHINESE SPECIES (*XENOPHORA CALCULIFERA*).

On the Chinese species no more than small, broken fragments are used, seemingly affording only a very slight degree of "camouflage." The Philippine *Xenophora* (Fig. 3) carries on its back a dense covering of large dead shells of various species.

legs. If red weeds happen to cover most of the ground, then these will be selected for the masking. If a captive specimen be put in a tank with green weeds, then it will promptly pull off all the red bits and replace them with green, fixing them on to hooked bristles with which both back and legs are covered.

This, indeed, looks like deliberate choice, the exercise of a reasoning power and sense of colour, a realisation that it must match its immediate surroundings to ensure, so far as possible, escape from its many enemies. But one finds it, nevertheless, difficult to adopt this interpretation.

The spiny spider-crab (*Maia squinata*) (Fig. 1), which hides unseen in our rock-pools, carries what

to fit the back! A truly wonderful performance, since it seems to show a sense of awareness of the roundness of its back and a desire to wear a coat that fits!

The hermit-crabs (*Eupagurus*), originally lacking a hard shell and therefore more than usually vulnerable, ages ago took to thrusting the body into empty shells of periwinkles and whelks. As a consequence, the body adjusted itself to these cramped quarters, having become spirally twisted to fit the shell. The periwinkle-shells are occupied only by the smaller, the whelk-shells by the larger species, which are compelled, with increasing growth, to "pull down their barns and build greater." But in addition to this protection, many place upon the



FIG. 3. COLLECTED FROM A DEPTH OF A HUNDRED FATHOMS: A *XENOPHORA* FOUND BY THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION WHICH HAS DISGUISED ITSELF WITH SHELLS CONTAINING THEIR LIVING OCCUPANTS AS WELL AS FRAGMENTS; THOUGH HOW THE SHELLS ARE FIXED HAS YET TO BE DISCOVERED.

(*Halichondria*). Its victim is carefully hollowed out

We regard the Mollusca—snails and oysters—as dull-witted creatures. Yet the members of the genus *Xenophora* seem to be fully aware of the danger of being eaten alive by hungry fishes and other enemies. And to avert this, they seem to have devised a very efficient form of "camouflage" to escape such perils. But have they any such reasoning power? I very much doubt it. And what governs their very marked differences in the choice of their "masking-materials"?

Furthermore, how do they manage to fix these shells, or stones, upon their own! And why is it that some species, as in the case of *Pallidula* (Fig. 2), are content with no more than tiny fragments? As they all live fathoms deep beneath the sea, no one has yet had an opportunity of solving this difficult problem.

IS IT A LOST LEONARDO PAINTING?: THE "MADONNA DEL GATTO."



CONSIDERED BY SOME CRITICS TO BE THE LOST "MADONNA DEL GATTO," KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI IN 1478: THE PICTURE RECENTLY BROUGHT TO THE NOTICE OF EXPERTS IN ITALY.

Above we reproduce the picture suggested to be the "Madonna del Gatto" ("Madonna With a Cat") by Leonardo da Vinci, of which all trace had been lost. The picture has been for many years in the possession of Signor Carlo Noya. A visit to the Leonardo exhibition at Milan led Signor Noya to a decision to show his "Madonna del Gatto" to experts. Among the critics convinced that the painting is the original work of Leonardo is Signor Venturi.

Many details—such as the colour of the flesh, the form of the hands, the appearance of the child, and the landscape—seem to confirm Signor Venturi's view. On the other hand, Leonardo's designs for the picture now in the possession of the Uffizi and British Museum have no striking affinity with Signor Noya's painting; though Leonardo did not always keep to his designs. The picture was lent to the Leonardo exhibition.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

ART, like everything else, is wrenched out of its normal groove in wartime, and may find little scope for activity except in recording military events. It was welcome news, therefore, that the Contemporary Art Society is doing all it can to sustain the nation's artistic life, and also that a scheme is on foot for establishing a British Art Centre, at the Stafford Gallery in St. James's Place, run partly on club lines and partly for exhibition purposes, to keep alive the interests of artists and art-lovers during the present war. Among other advantages it will have a library of art-books and periodicals, and I have to note here two new works that might appropriately be added thereto.

One of these is "SCULPTURE INSIDE AND OUT." By Malvina Hoffman. With 276 Photographs and Diagrams. (Allen and Unwin; 15s.) Here the famous American sculptor gives us her whole confession of faith in her art, setting forth her ideals, her experiences and friendships, and her methods of work. In Part I. she traces briefly the evolution of sculpture from its primitive beginnings, explains modernism, discusses the question of a sculptor's education, and offers suggestions for a practical art centre. In Part II. she deals with the requisites of a sculptor's studio; the study of anatomy; drawing, modelling and carving; garden and architectural sculpture; reliefs and medals; animal sculpture; enlarging and reducing; photography and lighting; plaster and terracotta; sculpture in bronze; and finally gives a chapter, very useful to collectors, on distinguishing between originals and fakes. The illustrations are on a particularly lavish scale. They include not only well-known examples of sculpture, ancient and modern, but the processes of their production, photographs showing the craftsmanship of sculpture, and drawings of various implements and their uses. Obviously this book, with its authoritative advice and information, will be indispensable to all devotees of sculpture. Though at present the prospects may be gloomy for them, their day perhaps will come, for war eventually creates a demand for public monuments, portraiture, and private memorials. Meanwhile they can prepare themselves by a study of Miss Hoffman's inspiring pages. Her book has also a personal and autobiographical side which renders it enjoyable by the non-professional reader.

Thus the author has happily accomplished her purpose, for in a retrospective *envoi* she says: "I have been asked to write about sculpture in such a way that the pages might be of use to serious students, and of interest to the general public. This opportunity has given a sort of winged freedom to my thoughts. If my book can be a friendly companion to other wayfarers, if by my own errors and experience it is possible for me to warn them of the dangerous places, I am willing to risk the judgment of all the other readers. . . . It is easier to lay down a rule than to obey it, and far easier to tell how sculpture should be done than to do it. I am in the grips of this plastic battle myself, for ever searching to find the way in the wonderland of art. . . . Were it not for the fact that an amazing number of letters from students have asked me for professional advice since the publication of my book 'Heads and Tales,' two years ago, I should never have embarked on this volume. This effort has brought me to my knees before the inevitable mystery. I can lift little more than a corner of the veil, but I've tried, and in so doing, hope the result may not be entirely useless. I feel rather exhausted, and very, very small. How

wonderful if now there could be found a quiet place on this globe where one might work uninterruptedly and carry out some of the new ideas that have been striving to be born during the past few months."

Particularly interesting to the general reader are Miss Hoffman's memories of her master, Rodin, and later sculptors such as Mestrovic, Brancusi, and Gutzon Borglum. Two of her reminiscences recall tense moments in the history of modern Europe, akin to that of September 3 last. "In July 1914," she recalls, "I had the privilege of helping Rodin in the sorting and classification of his drawings at the Hôtel Biron (now the Musée Rodin). Earlier in the same month he had asked me to direct the installation of his great exhibit of bronzes and marbles at Grosvenor House, London. Later, when we were working together at the Biron one day the *concierge* came in and in ominous, hoarse tones announced that war was declared; that was August 2, 1914. I shall never forget Rodin's remark at that moment, 'Oh, la civilisation . . . la civilisation des hommes. . . . C'est une mauvaise couche de peinture qui s'en va quand la pluie tombe!'



THE ANGLO-TURKISH MILITARY CONVERSATIONS OPEN IN LONDON: MEMBERS OF THE TURKISH MISSION, WITH THEIR LEADER, GENERAL KIAZIM ORBAY (THIRD FROM RIGHT), AT THE INAUGURAL MEETING WITH BRITISH STAFF OFFICERS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FRENCH NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES.

As illustrated in our last issue, the Turkish Military Mission to Great Britain arrived in London from Istanbul on October 3, and was welcomed by Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, who was in command of the British Forces opposing the Turkish Army in Gallipoli in the last war. A conference was held with Allied representatives on October 4, which took up the whole day; and in the afternoon General Orbay, the Head of the Mission, and members of his staff visited Sir Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, at the War Office. On October 3 the Head were given a Government reception at Claridge's Hotel, and on the following day were entertained at a Government luncheon. (Topical.)

[O civilisation—the civilisation of man! It's a bad coat of paint that comes off when it rains.] Twenty-four years later, in the autumn of 1938, there came another day of world anxiety, with all Europe holding its breath in dread anticipation of what the Dictator of Germany might decide to do. Awaiting his radio broadcast, it seemed as if the destiny of the world were hanging in the balance. On this day I spent two most illuminating hours with the father of modernism in the abstract, universal sense, Constantin Brancusi. . . . I walked away slowly; Paris was in complete darkness; only a dim blue light marked the corners of the streets, and the air was heavy with oppression and silence. Suddenly the rising whistle of a practising air-raid siren began to climb into a shrill scream of warning, tearing the silence to shreds. A shiver ran down my spine. I stopped and looked at a group of workmen and taxi-drivers sitting at their sidewalk café. One of them caught my eye, and shrugging his shoulders called out: 'Don't worry, little lady, it's only a dress rehearsal in case. . . .' He was not far from the truth."

Miss Hoffman has a world-wide reputation, of course, for anthropological sculpture, especially the life-size figures representing various races executed for the

Hall of Man in the Field

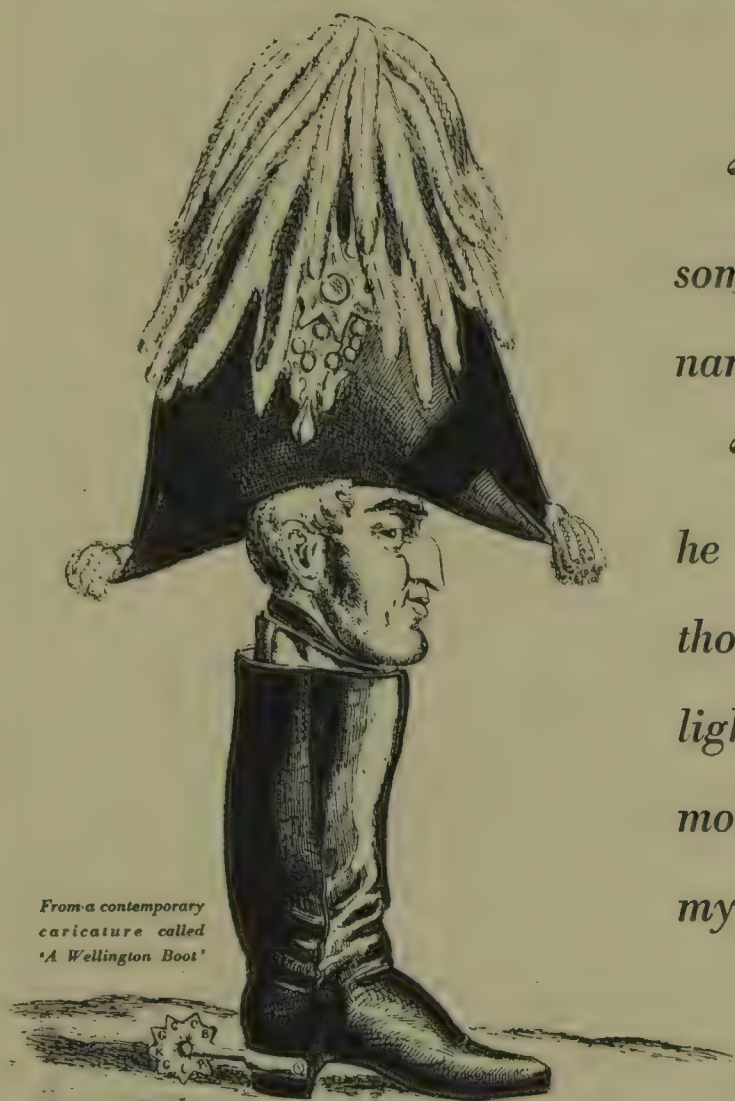
Museum at Chicago—a task which took her five years. In this connection she acknowledges help from an eminent British scientist who has been a frequent contributor to *The Illustrated London News* on anthropological subjects: "In 1919," she writes, "Sir Arthur Keith gave a series of lectures in London called 'Engines of the Human Body.' These lectures were composed for an audience of young listeners, and the explanations were made so graphic and simple in mechanical terms that everyone could clearly understand all the circulatory, muscular, and glandular problems of the human body. It was my privilege to make a portrait of Sir Arthur Keith in London in 1929. A great deal of his brilliant knowledge was revealed to me during the sittings, and during the years in which I modelled the racial types for the Field Museum, Sir Arthur Keith's keen eye was constantly watching over the progress of the work and calling my attention to many observations which I should otherwise never have made. The understanding of anatomy and bone construction should be part of the mental equipment of every sculptor. It should be studied and memorised and stored away in the subconscious mind, where it may be referred to at any time."

This allusion to a London celebrity calls to mind the fact that to Londoners the most familiar example of Miss Hoffman's work is the stone group placed over the north entrance of Bush House, in Aldwych, and visible far along Kingsway. The two figures clasping hands are symbolic of Anglo-American friendship. Many a time did I gaze up at them, pondering their significance, during several years when the scene of my daily labours was located close by. It was disappointing, therefore, not to find in the sculptor's book any mention of the circumstances in which this memorable group was made. Another point on which I could have desired further light is the author's drawing of the head of Keats, made in 1910 in the room where he died, in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. It is among the illustrations to a section on death-masks (including those of Napoleon and Chopin) and post-mortem sculpture portraits from such masks, but it is not quite clear how the Keats drawing—in itself very charming and sympathetic—bears on that technique, or whether it represents a stage in the making of a bust.

Another noteworthy art publication is a sumptuous quarto abundantly illustrating, in colour and otherwise, the work of a celebrated Old Master, namely, "RUBENS": Paintings and Drawings. With 232 Reproductions (Phaidon Press and Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). Like its predecessors emanating from the same source, and dealing with other famous painters on similar lines, this volume, so rich in pictorial attractions, but incredibly moderate in price, should command success even in these straitened times. At any rate, like Sempronius, it deserves it. Art-lovers who aim at having on their shelves a representative record of all the greater figures in the history of art, can hardly neglect to possess themselves of such a volume, though Rubens may not be their particular favourite. For all his prodigal splendour, some of his work is not wholly congenial to sensitive taste. There is too often a certain grossness and ostentation, while his types of feminine beauty are repellent to most people nowadays.

These defects in the work of Rubens are not overlooked in the introduction by R. A. M. Stevenson, [Continued on page 600.]

Guinness at Waterloo



From a contemporary
caricature called
'A Wellington Boot'

"When I was sufficiently recovered to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness.

"Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass... I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful... I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the diary of one of Wellington's officers, after he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, June, 1815. Quoted in "Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.

—and Guinness today



In times of difficulty and suffering, men and women have ever turned to Guinness as a natural source of strength and comfort.

For Guinness is more than a very good drink. It is a tonic for both body and mind, and in the words of a doctor, "a balm to tired and worn-out nerves."

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Truly, there's nothing like a Guinness. Have one with your lunch or dinner today.

The extract quoted above from a doctor's letter is published by special permission.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IN common with the majority of other motor-manufacturers, the M.G. people have made no radical change in their range of cars for the 1940 season, but there are several detail modifications which will interest those who follow the trend of high-performance design. The M.G. "Midget," for instance, has had several improvements carried out to its engine, among them being a counterbalanced crankshaft, improved connecting-rods, with a new type of big-end bearing, a more efficient cylinder-head combustion space and redesigned induction—the result being a higher power output and more "revs." The transmission has also undergone a change, the

previous cork-insert type being replaced by a Borg and Beck dry clutch. Second gear is now synchromesh, as well as third and top; semi-group lubrication of the chassis has been added, and a telescopic steering-column.

The 1½-litre also has an improved engine, with a counterbalanced crankshaft, a new camshaft, and the dry clutch, while this model now has the latest Luvax piston shock-absorbers, a built-in jacking system, and the new Lund bulb headlamp dipping control. As for the 2-litre M.G., this has now reached such a pitch of development that it is difficult for it to be improved any further, as its many highly contented owners will testify. However, the M.G. people have managed to find ways and means of gilding this delectable lily, the engine, externals having been made somewhat neater, a rear bumper being fitted to all models, and the spare wheel of the "Foursome" being recessed in the wing instead of being fitted on the outside of the luggage-locker. Chassis improvements include the fitting of the latest Luvax piston shock-absorbers and "screw" spring shackles.

The biggest model in the M.G. range is the 2.6-litre. Since its introduction early in the year, this car has enjoyed a steady demand, and Mr. Cecil Kimber tells me that the latest statistics show that it commands 25 per cent. of the 20-h.p. market. This model, I would say, shows all the indications of being a "vintage" car, because it gives a very high performance for a comparatively low-rated horsepower. The coachwork on M.G.s is extremely attractive. The "Midget" can be obtained with an open two-seater body or a drop-head coupé at £225 and £270 respectively. The only open four-seater in the range is on the



ONE OF BRITISH MOTORING'S LATEST DEVELOPMENTS, OFFERING MANY OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES TO THE MOTORIST DESIRING A CAR ECONOMICAL BOTH TO BUY AND TO RUN: THE NEW FORD "EIGHT."

This recent model, turned out by the Ford Motor Company's works at Dagenham, Essex, in addition to its new and attractive appearance, offers the comfort and convenience of many more costly cars.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A MURMURING BROOK, AND BEFORE AN IMMEMORIAL BACKGROUND OF GREY COTTAGE WALLS AND THATCHED EAVES: AN AUSTIN "TEN" IN THE LITTLE COTSWOLD VILLAGE OF WROXTON.

1½-litre chassis, and sells at £295. The other bodies on this chassis are a saloon at £335, and a folding-head "Foursome" at £360. The 2-litre is available in two forms, a saloon at £398, and a folding drop-head "Foursome" at £425. Similar bodies on the 2.6-litre chassis cost £450 and £475 respectively.

I am very glad to hear that Triumphs are not going to drop into oblivion. You may remember that some time ago a receiver was appointed, and that this was followed by the announcement that the concern was for sale. A deal has now been concluded whereby the assets and goodwill of the Triumph Company, together with the Gloria and Stoke works at Coventry, have been acquired by Thos. W. Ward, Ltd., of Sheffield. The manufacture of cars is going to be carried on under the direction of Mr. Donald M. Healey, who will become general manager. Mr. Healey, of course, is a well-known figure in British motoring circles, on the sporting as well as on the manufacturing side. He is one of the two Englishmen to have won the Monte Carlo Rally.

Give 'em every chance!

NOW that the U-boat and mine have been added to the hazards of the sea every ship should carry at least one power-propelled lifeboat; to arm all merchantmen is a step in the right direction but to provide the crew with a reasonably easy and safe means of retreat is of equal importance, and a measure that the authorities should enforce without delay!

TO shipowners we would commend our dependable Thornycroft engines, as chosen, for example, for the 64 lifeboats in "Mauretania," "Queen Mary" and "Queen Elizabeth" and of which, at the moment, both diesel and paraffin types can be supplied. Full particulars from: John I. Thornycroft & Co., Limited, Thornycroft House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

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THORNYCROFT
— THE trusty ENGINE



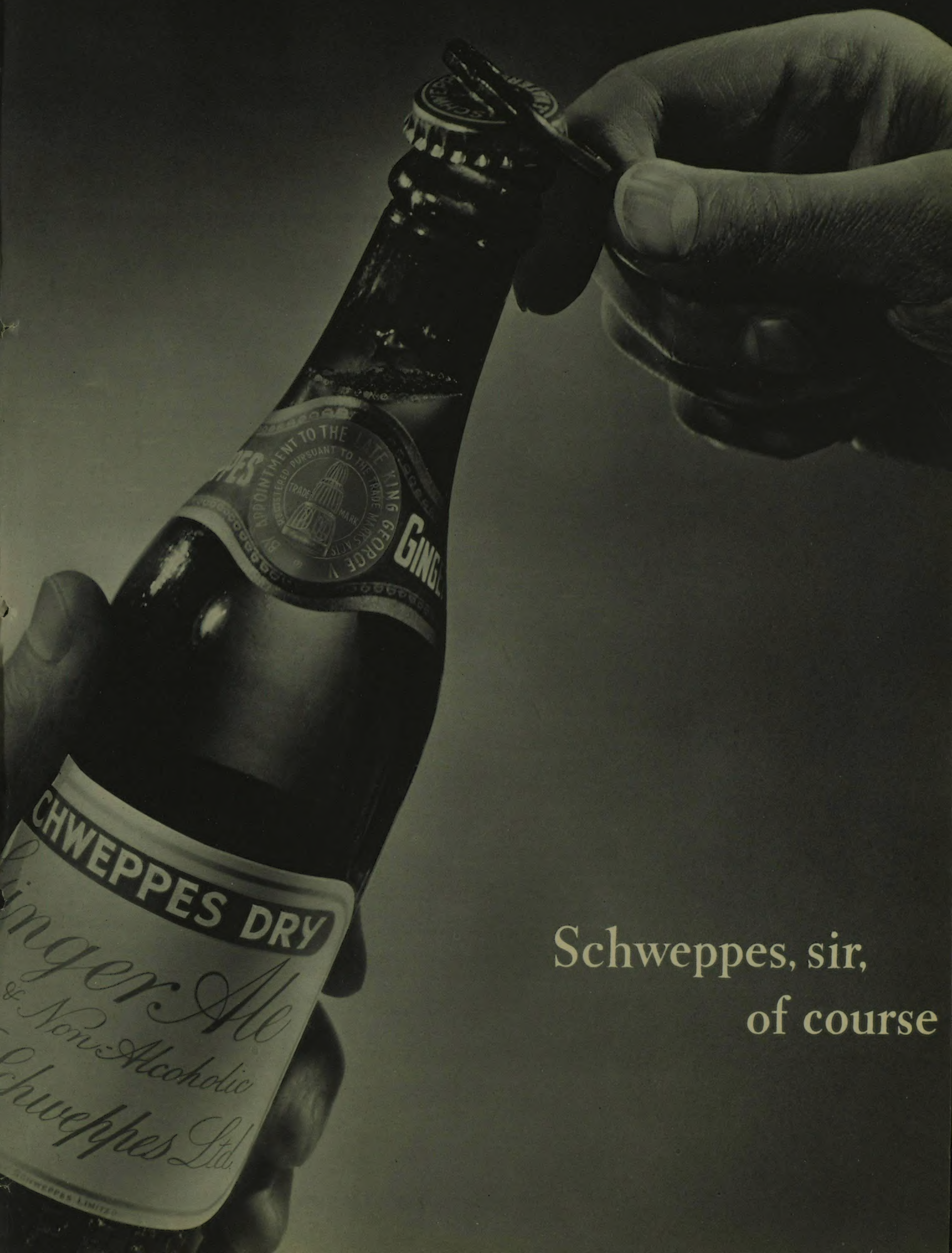
THE MUSICAL SCORE

takes gradual shape—a note altered here, a chord replaced there, until finally the finished composition emerges—impeccable in every detail. And he chooses his tobacco with the same fastidious care. Usually you will find him with a pipe of "NO NAME", that excellent blend, always the choice of the connoisseur.

For those who prefer a coarser cut—
"No Name"
BROAD CUT.
The prices are the same



PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO



Schweppes, sir,
of course

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 596.)

who gives an impartial appreciation, with an interesting account of the painter's career both in art and diplomacy. Touching on the commercial element in his make-up and his "mass production" methods, the critic writes: "To put it plainly, Rubens established a picture factory at Antwerp. He was thus enabled to paint portraits, landscapes, hunting scenes and pictures of *genre*, as well as to undertake several series of gigantic decorations, as important as those of Raphael and Michaelangelo. The master made small, lively sketches of the work to be done, the pupils laid them in, each doing what suited his talent, while Rubens reserved to himself the duty of bringing the picture together. . . . By his manners and the prestige of his reputation, Rubens increased the demand for art, and thus kept employed quiet, second-rate men who might otherwise have lacked work. His wholesale house for the ornamentation of palaces may have been admirably organised, may have been designed in an excellent and business-like fashion to satisfy the needs of his princely patrons, but it was not fitted to refine the genius of Rubens the painter nor to make him an artistic rival of Velazquez and Rembrandt. . . . Rubens farmed out even his commissions for easel pictures, cabinet pictures, landscapes, and portraits. . . . This calm man of business spread pictures over Europe in which his fine ideas were rendered in a second-rate manner, mechanically or tamely and without conviction.

Still, it must be allowed that some half-hundred *chefs d'œuvre* of painting, as well as many drawings from nature, can be collected among his works to show the wonderful quality of his natural gifts. He had not the eye of Velazquez, the poetic perception of Rembrandt, but he had an artist's temperament that expressed itself in the language of paint with a florid and noble eloquence."

Among other new books just to hand which promise good reading, and of which I hope to say more at a later date, are "THE DEBATE CONTINUES." By Margaret Campbell. Being the Autobiography of Marjorie Bowen. (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.); "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS." By M. P. Willcocks. Illustrated (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.); "THE MARCH OF LITERATURE": From Confucius to Modern Times. By Ford Madox Ford (Allen and Unwin; 16s.); and "THE JACKDAW'S NEST": A Fivefold Anthology. Made and Edited by Gerald Bullett (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.).



SMILINGLY CONFIDENT OF BRITAIN'S STRENGTH ON LAND AND SEA AND IN THE AIR: FOUR LEADERS OF THE NATION'S GIGANTIC WAR EFFORT—(L. TO R.) AIR MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL, CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF; GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF; SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, AIR MINISTER; AND ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY POUND, THE FIRST SEA LORD—PHOTOGRAPHED CROSSING WHITEHALL. (Planet.)

"THE TIMES" WAR MAP OF THE WESTERN FRONT.

FOR those desirous of following military operations on the Western Front, or indulging in the pastime of foretelling for themselves future strategic possibilities, the separate re-issue of the special map of that area which appeared in *The Times* of Oct. 3 will prove invaluable. The map, drawn by the Map Department of *The Times*, is approximately on the scale of 9½ miles to the inch. It shows railways, *Autobahnen* and heights in feet, together with an inset map of the adjacent countries. Its delineation of the Siegfried and the Maginot defences is based on the latest data. The reproduction is on heavy cartridge paper, measuring 20 in. by 25 in., folded to convenient size and enclosed in an envelope. Copies may be obtained by order from booksellers and newsagents at 6d. net, or direct from the Publisher, *The Times* War Map, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4, for 7d. post free.



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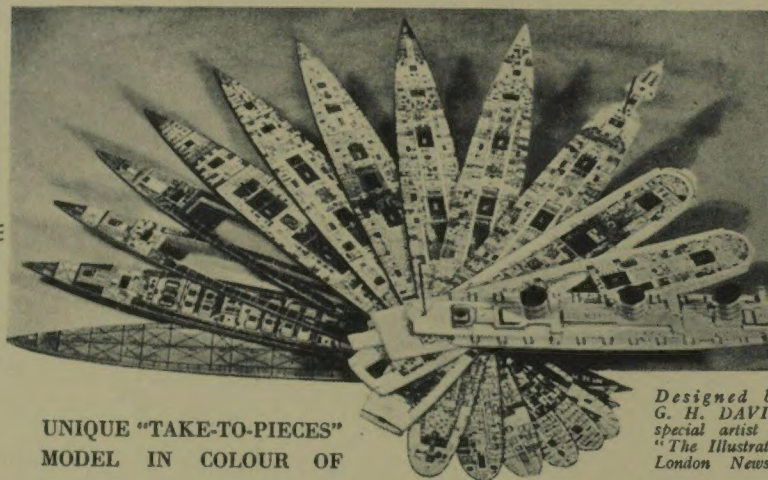
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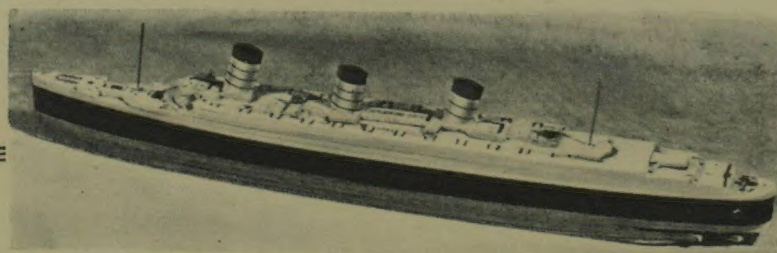
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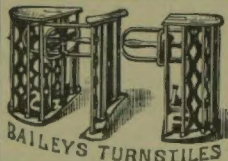
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by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
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